



THE
Second part of
THE
night search
with
the projects of
these times
in a poem by
H. Mill

Noctis patet mander

London

Printed for H. Shepard
and W. Ley, sold in
Towar street & Pauls
= Chancery 1645



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Printed
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THE SECOND PART
OF
The Nights Search

Discovering
The Condition of the various
Fowles of Night.

OR,
*The second great Mystery of Fnuquity
exactly revealed:*

With the Projects of these TIMES.
In a Poem,

By HUMPHREY MILL, Author of
the Nights Search.

Nocte patent mendæ.
— Audax omnia perpeti,
Gens humani ruit per vetium nefas.

Imprimatur. NATH. BRENT.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Henry Shephard, and William Ley, and are to
be sold at the Bible in Tower-street, and at PAULS
Chaine near Doctors Commons. 1646.

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To the much Honoured, and thrice
Noble Lord, *Robert*, Earle of
Warwick, Baron of Lees, &c.

Right Honourable;



Having presented the first part of my en-
deavours of this nature to an honoura-
ble Peer, and finding his noble accep-
tance with respect in the world, above
the desert of the Authur, or merit of
the work, which with some other encouragements made
me bold to tender this second Part, as a free-will offer-
ring (in love) to your Lordship: being ambitious that
it should beare the name of so truly a noble Patron
(honoured of all) who have beene and still is such a
great pillar to uphold this tottering State, whose gal-
lant, faithfull, and successfull service, will render
you famous to all posterity.

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

I confesse the humble wing of my Muse lights upon a low-borne Subject, yet modestly possesse with fury, in the midst of temptations, keeps her Virgin beauty; although she hath to doe with the workes of darknesse, (ripened with the corruption of these times) yet your Lordship may justly judge it too light for your serious meditations. However I doubt not but it may prevaile in the intermission of weighty employments, so as to invite a favourable look: from your Honour, which will preserve it from the blis of envy.

I am not so soule-hardy, as to plead the worth of my Muse, whereby to match her to the wits of the time; (nor will she think her self preferred by it, unlesse they be wisely honest as well as witty) but her true intention free from flatterie, trimmed in a plaine dresse, only somewhat of a strange new fashion: yet so, as the fancies may be pleasing to some, the discoveries usefull to others, and the moralls profitable to all, who will consider them.

All which I leave to your Lordships protection, and you, to him that will never leave you, till he hath given you the complement of all happinesse. So prays he that desires to subscribe himselfe,

The humblest of your honours Servants,

Humphrey Mill.

To the intelligent Reader.

Gentle Reader :



Have provided a second course, which perhaps may please thy palate: thou wilt find company of all sorts, if thou shouldst disdain any of them, take thy mess apart; and choose thy comrades, thou mayest have varieties of baits in the way; but if thou likest the Bills of Fare, keepe thy stomacke for the feasts, something may bee worth thy tast and all thy observation is digested in a right sence; be zealous of thine eyes, and must not appetite, leaue thou surges with strange dishes: if thou shouldst be taken by the Centinells Scouts, or Guard, or discovered by the Spies, give good language: read the Letters of Advise which may direct thee to thy freedome. This is but a supply to what has bene formerly drest in the Night-search, or rather a running banquet, where thou mayest see how farre the sweet of sin can extend it selfe: if thou art found guiltie, looke for the Sentence, yet thou must be reprieved upon thy good behaviour: if thou art free, learne here to keep thy selfe so. I have drest my conceits with the fancies of night to make them pleasing, and with morall similies to make them profitable, the language of the times being sutable to the subject; I dare not take the stile of a Poet, for feare this squint-eyed age should suspect my integrity, or common fame blast my endeavours,
because

To the Reader.

because of the corruption of many: But finding my pockets empty, in respect the times have let them bloud, I begin to swell with conceit, and challenge the name, seeing poverty is taken for their coat, and labour in vaine for their crest, the mantle dis-daine, being blazed by dull ignorance, and rale-fast envy.

I have somewhat else to follow, than this unthrifty science, but as well for my own recreation, as for thy good, I have bent my selfe to discover this mystery of iniquitie, which may be usefull to all sorts of persons, young and old, good and bad, it is somewhat against my nature to plead excuse, or crave pardon for what I have writ: to show that I am a free-man, not a slave for any mans humour, I intend no ill, if taken ill by any, let it rest with him; if I purchase thy good word particularly, and a reformation generally, I shall obtaine my ends.

Good night.

All those that would these lines digest,
Must read'em over twice at least:
Observe the poynts, how sense doth meet,
The accents, cadence, and the feet.
The humble ebbs and swelling hopes,
Of Figures, Epithetes, and Tropes.

*To the degenerate Nobility, and new
found Gentry.*

YOU that are truly Noble, and the best
Deserving Gentry, who are alwayes blest
With honour'd vertues : that doe ever stand
For peace and truth, the freedom of the Land ;
I do not aime at you, nor shall my laies
Sound ought of you, except it be your praise.

But unto you, who are the ushers in
Of fowle abuses, whose accursed sin
Drawes fools to sale, each from example cry,
If Gentlemen may do so, why not I ?
Your learning fits you for't, your poyson'd wit
And beastly Logick, from the infernall pit
Prescribe you rules, to find a neater way
To Pluto's Court : your blouds, bound to convey
Your lusts on freely, and your means you make
To beare your charges to the boyling lake.

A yeoman foole goes slily, with one whore,
You rush on boldly, carrying halfe a score :
Your 'state will beare it, and your noble birth
Attones the ill, being higher stuffe then earth.

Rich fare provokes you, and you drench your dust
With costly liquors, which do gender lust.
Your idlenesse invites you to receive
Temptations gratis, never to bereave
The flesh of pleasures. And your rich attire
Doth tempt allurements, your expresse desire
Not Bungler-like : and your attendants go
Along with you, can low-borne fooles do so ?

You

You dive for new delights and make a trench,
To bury justice, like the baser French,
Who from their full-mouth pride and armes of Steele,
(Being pockifi'd) to prove themselves gentile;
Despising chastity, you love such weeds
That harbour snakes, and praise him that exceeds
In choicer evils. You perhaps had rise
From Brokers, Jaylor, Tapsters, or the dice
Might help your grand fathers, you might be screw'd
From usurie, extortion, or be brew'd
In scalling liquor; or some misers where
Sav'd from his mow (till mouldie) made you great:
You vainly spend what they with curses got,
Rais'd quickly with your names, so soon you rot.

To tax the females here, or draw their shapes
That keep their dogs, their monckies, and their apes,
To make them sport, or those that swell with pride,
And are too good for all the world beside
To looke upon, Religion is too base
For flaming furies, is not now the case.

You should have liv'd from such corruptions free,
And prov'd sweet patterns of humilitie;
Preferring goodnesse, loving purer themes
To stop the tide of basenesse in the streames.
Do good with your estates, your wit, your art;
Should make you carefull, to prevent the smart
Which follies buy. I doubt what I reherse,
Will make you slight my subject, or my verse.

Yet read the book, and pay for't, if you fret,
They will not give you trust to run in debt.

To all Judges, Justices, Church-Warden.,
Constables, &c.

YOU whom *Astrea* greets, were you all night,
I had not been so sharp, nor had this night
Been twisted into whip-cord : Was it made,
To help the Jaylours, or the Beadles trade ?
I am your Vicer, come, for here's a race
Able to bring the Hang-man to disgrace.

You are to find out sinners, and to give
Them punishment ; that honestie might live
In Courts of justice ; that the world may see,
How some of widow *Truths* posteritie
Do walk in gównes ; should favour, friends, or lyes,
Or feare, or bribes, blind any of your eyes ?
But ah ! they do too much ! some of you nurse
These Fly-blowne vermin, stiled Englands curse.
Convert not sins, nor plagues into a jest,
Nor yet with mischietes make your selves a feast.
I do but move in Court, I dare not treat
With upstart Plush. which sin hath made so great.

To Justices, and Judges, I present
(And all inferiour Officers intent
Vpon the publike good) these humble straines,
As the untutor'd issue of my braines,
Rough with reverage ; although conceiv'd at night,
You may bring forth my black birds to the light,
And heare 'em chirp. Let sin have no release,
Which nourisheth our woes, and wounds our peace.

T.

To the Fowles of Night.

TO you, whose lives are eaten up with lust,
Your spirits and your names consum'd with rust;
Whose soules are bought and sold, whose bodies will
Unsheath your wicked practices, to fill
The world with wonder; you, by whom Hell best
Is here, and in her place below exprest:
To you, who poyson earth with your foule deeds,
And from your brest your torment ever feeds,
I do present my lines, if taken well,
They may hedge up your passages to Hell,
And break your league: If not, your damned cause
(Which is condemn'd by my Satyrick Lawes)
Will gender vipers, who will gnaw the sweet,
And bite your bowels, 'till their teeth do meet:
Whence life it selfe, against your health shall strive;
(You vassals, are not dead, nor yet alive.

You trim your vice, and will your humours have,
Although your corps are dressing for the grave,
Maintaine your sinfull freedome, prove 'tis more
Disgrace in living chaste, than be a whore.
Death hath his charge, your plots being all reveal'd,
Judged by a Statute not to be repeal'd)
Expect the execution; then your pet
Vill no way save you, till you pay the debt,
To which you were engag'd for, with delight,
Nor can time bale you; though y'are found by night,
You cannot 'scape away. Ah! well! I must
With such vile Rebels leave my Search in trust.

*To his friend Mr. H. Mill, upon his
Discoveries of Night.*

KInd Friend, th'ast made a golden frame,
For glorie of thy lasting name ;
Thou paint'st most faire the foulest globe,
Hell-hounds in a most comely robe ;
Vertues luster, for all mens sight,
Wit and sense do touch aright :
A stile that is so Indian rich,
As brave Palace exceeds a ditch,
Proves he haunted the pious wayes,
Yet shewes the ill of all those dayes,
To see the Verge, not to enter
Vices Circle, know the Center.

To him is given so large a grant,
Each of the Nine shall be his Aunt ;
Whose Cherub-Muse hath wing alone,
To fetch that Ore from Helicon :
Pride of the tongue, from Peru shore,
The words rich Ingots, subject poore.

That Poet doth excell in parts,
When matter smels perfum'd by Arts ;
Not he who hath a noble theame,
Weights out his phrase with *Ciceros* Beame :
Print, buy this book, all that live well ;
Who this despise, are bound for Hell.

Edw. Peyton, Knight and Baronet.

*To his ingenious friend Mr. Mill, upon his lostie
Discoveries of Night.*

THou hast laid out, to each mans view,
The Regue, the Cut-purse, and that Crew,
Who with their damned plots do strive
To kill, and torture men alive.

From henceforth no Eclipse shall be,
Since thou hast made the Welkin free ;
Thy Moone in state shall ever shine :
For now the night is made divine.

Light, *Luna* borrow'd of the Sun,
When infant time was but begun,
Shew'll now confesse the brightest night,
From thee receiv'd that borrow'd light.

Those that have wit, will gaine from hence
Embroyder'd reason, high-borne sense :
Fooles from thy Search would faine get free :
But wise men will stand bound to thee.

Tho. Perrin, Knight.

To his industrious and quick-sighted friend, Mr. Humphrey
Mill, upon his Night-search.

FRIEND Mill, thy rare descriptions I admire,
More than the Indians, when they first found fire
By clashing canes; for you by this your skill
(Downe dropping wonders from your fluent quill)
Incense the gods, in that you should aspire,
Prometheus-like, from heaven to fetch this fire :
The Indians fire, materials did combust,
But this thy fire doth purge the soule from rust :
The vicious conscience it to thoroughly tries,
And by mens deeds discovers what there lies.

Should I compare thy light unto the Sun ?
He never could find out what thou hast done :
Or had he sp'd it, Pimp-like he'd conceale
The fact, which honour drives thee to reveale,
Not spite. Thy hate to mankind is not such,
But that who good are, thou admir'st as much :
Such creatures then as do thy lines abhor,
Expresse themselves but what thou took'st them for :
Deluding Miscreants, living thus, did urge
Thy Genius to twist this triple scourge,
Like Pedlars wares that are so phitticate,
Hating the light, because the light brings hate :
The honest need not thou shouldst them reprove,
For t'others hate 'tis better far than love :
In this thy conscience thou dost fully chare,
Spurning their folly which they bought so deare.
In stately measures, with thy lamp so bright,
Thou hast displaid the villanies of night.

Will. Scot Gent.

*To his worthy friend Mr. Mill, upon his excellent
Poem of the Night-Birds.*

PAle Envie's at a stand, let *Momus* bark
His lungs into a palfie; here's a mark,
Though Pride and Folly shoot, they cannot hit;
Or charg'd with choler, or discharg'd of wit.

These lines are rich and loftie, smooth and even,
To fit the noblest subject under Heaven:
But thou hast chus'd the blackest, which might be
Set as a foyle to thy brave Poetrie.

So full of usefull wit, the Birds of night,
Found, caught, unroofed, darknesse brought to light:
Shames Ensignes took, vice conquer'd, which no man
Did more than challenge since the world began.

Where are those cancel'd wits, that rack'd their verse
To varnish guilt, and thatch a rotten herse?

Praise Madams curlings? they thy scourge may feele,
And like the Serpent, nibble at the heele;

But cannot wound: like Basilisks, whose eyes
Dart feeble poyson. Malice cannot rise

To vent her venome, as to blast a line
Drawne by thy pen, thy name, or ought of thine.

What needs this troop of worthies offer Bayes
To crowne thy fame, who art above their praise?
Which perish not with age, nor can'ring rust,
Compo'd with furie, and the spitefull dust.

Till time gives up the ghost, this work shall be
Prais'd, pleasing, honour'd, to posteritie.

Hen. Limbruke Mr. of Arts Cam.

I

THE
Second Part of the Nights Search,
discovering the conditions of
the various Fowles of Night.

*To fetch their drosse, what wiles they use,
The Pedlers boy, the State abuse,
A puffle, a murder, one runs mad,
A Sea-man took, what losse he had.*

S E C T. I.

erfe
NOW glorious *Titan* hath withdrawn his light,
Whose presence makes a day, his absence night :
He trac'd the skie, and like a Champion bold
Rode in his charriot all in cloth of gold :
Is now growne bleare-ey'd ; or for want of sleep,
He drives his Steeds into the Westerne deep,
To take a nap : bright *Vespers* traine, whose hue
Enricht the skies, the ground enamell'd blue.

Then *Luna* shines, whose patent was by birth,
At severall times to overlook the earth ;
Yet change with age : as soone as they begun,
(For all they had their ticket from the Sun)
To passe and view the world, yet envious night
Cast out a fog, being swell'd with raging spight,
Charg'd them for Spies ; sh'ad had them all arraign'd,
But could not bring'em downe. When men complain'd

Of tyrannie, she kept her silent den,
 Where bodies live without the soules of men :
 And vertue's out of use, unheard of sins
 I shall unmaske : for now my Search begins.
 Who to your view I shall present, your mind
 Will apprehend, their sight is worse then blind.
 Where all things are converted into crimes
 To let us bloud, and to undoe the times.

First, here's a piece of earth, that seekes a place
 T'unman himselfe, save onely in his face ;
 A tender-hearted Bawd, that ne're made whore,
 But ever us'd such as were broke before ;
 (Her conscience gave her licence) meets this beast,
 Who had him home : and she at his request
 Must send for one whom he esteem'd most deare,
 Her husband's jealous, and she fies in feare :
 He found one in her bed, and with the shears
 Cut off his nose, a warning for his ears.
 The messenger must make some neat excuse,
 To take a room, but 'tis not for his use :
 Or borrow something, pull her by the coat,
 Or wink, or nod, or give a private note,
 Or whisper in her eare, or touch her foot,
 Or els some secret signe ; being willing to't,
 She goes with speed, or els some Pedlers mad
 Pin p Maximus, being master of his trade,
 He'll sell her pins, or lace, or daintie lawne,
 Fine ribon, gloves, or any thing ; and pawne
 His soule to use her kindly, so he'll find
 His time to speak, and know each others mind.

She comes, he has his fee, and who'd mistrust
Such bugs should gender in a pedlers dust?

Then came a rumbling coach, which made the ground
Fall in an Ague: looking in I found

A fether'd blade, his jacket was of plush,

A curious lasse, who with a crimson blush

Bewrai'd her selfe; her eyes were full and gray,

With ruddy lips, round cheekes, her forehead lay

Archt like a snowie banke, which did uphold

Her native tresses, which did shine like gold.

*Perfect**Beauty*

Her azure veynes, which with a well shap'd nose,

Her whiter neck, broad shoulders to compose

A slender wast, a body straight and tall,

With swanlike breasts, long hands, with fingers small,

Her ivorie knees, her legs were neat and cleane,

A swelling calfe, with ancles round and leane,

Her insteps thin, short heels, with even toes,

A sole so straight, proportion'd feet, she goes

With modest grace: I judge her (viewing well)

Too good to go on foot, or ride to hell.

With civill habit, if you had her seen,

You'd say sh' were lovely, aged seventeen.

This knave is call'd Commander, who did use

To plunder men: those whom he did abuse

He'd call Malignants, he did serve the State

(Not as a theefe) this varlet was of late

A Pedlers boy, and still a Coblers sonne:

*Abuse of**State*

When Countries by this vermin were undone

They made him knowne, by which they gain'd reliefe,

He was no souldier, but a sharking thiefe.

A while about the Citie he doth passe
 For Major *Dangerfield*; this comely lasse
 Was like to be insnar'd ; great meanes, rich friends,
 But he had no thing save the coblers ends.
 He'l say's Debenter will be shortly sign'd,
 Had he is arreares (he would not be confin'd
 To private lodgings) paid him by the State,
 He'd drink and whore it, at a higher rate.
 And to his mistrisse he'd be free and true,
 Though he had nothing but an halter due.

*The va-
 panner.*

This hackney coachman, pimpt in former times
 For broken courtiers : he conceal'd their crimes,
 And car'd their trash, though sinning on the score,
 Pay him but well, he'd bring'em down a whore
 At any time, whose bloody sins do crave
 For plagues on earth, or an untimely grave.

*The Cour-
 tier*

But searching on, I heard a glittering sparke
 Tearing the ground with oathes ; as I did marke,
 He met a civill man, and fell to strife;
 This lawlesse spe would take away his wife ;
 But he the better man, soone laid his bones
 Into the sinke, his shoulders felt the stones :
 Till dammie boyes came by him ; then he rose,
 To breake the windowes, and he cut a nose
 Which cost him eighteen pence ; this daring rout
 Will sleep by night, till Bailies find'em out.

I heard great moaning as I went along,
 'Twas one whose fence a Basilisk had stung,
 With looking on him ; now she'l not be seen
 Till all be turn'd to droffe, or els in spleen

She'l

She'l melt away his wit : because distast
Had dis-ingag'd her sin, her fancies wast
And made salt humors rise, the man growes mad
With fierie lust, the reason that he had
Is under hatches, rage and sorrow prest,
To share affections with that venome beast :

And standing still, I heard a gentle cry,
I turn'd, and saw a tender infant lye
Breathing its last ; the new received life
Was let out by the barbarous mothers knife,
Who wrung its necke, and threw it in a sink,
The whiter skin made blacker then my ink,
By this vile scum of filth ; but now she's tri'd,
And ground enough, above the ground she did.

A murder.

Her Epitaph.

Death, hadst thou done this office at the first,
Or if thou hadst but don't a yeare agoe,
She had not been so openly accurst,
Nor had my Muse (with fury) turn'd her foe.

The infant had not been, nor had my verse,
Been for a Tiburne grave, but for her herse.

Two Pincks did spread their sailes, and cast about,
They in a harbour found a Sea-man out ;
Who striv'd by skill, which first shall take the prize,
Till one of them did scratch the others eyes.
He's my free prize, Ile do the best I can,
Thou art for freight, but I am for the man ;
The times are envious, men by sea, and land,
Are cast and cut away, on everie hand.

I loose my custome, 'tis a wittie theft,
 To make some sure, while there are any left;
 I cannot live without 'em, yet not mine?
 Then with a kisse and a bewitching twine
 She stole his lungs, and prey'd upon his heart,
 The next his mezell iiver feels the dart.

Like to the little fish which in the seas
 Doe sucke the foorth, their watry humors please,
 Amongst the curled waves; they frisk and seek
 For fish delights; at last into some Creek
 The salter streames convey them, where the tide
 Forsakes them unawares, when they are spide,
 Or from the shore, or from their muddie holes
 They be took, inbowel'd, cast upon the coles;
 Or in the pan, like traitors halfe alive,
 Dye by degrees: for 'tis in vain to strive,
 With deaths Lieutenants. So, these Vassalls play
 In waves of lusts, till wrath drives them away
 Into a straight, where miseries are vast,
 (Not like delights which perish in the tast)
 And constant dwellers, there they must remaine,
 Till they are pluckt away, like Traitors flaine
 And cast into the flames: but still their name
 Shall stinke on earth, as monuments of shame.

The Devill likes grand Seigniors golden vice,
 Finding a man inclin'd to avarice,
 Fill'd with disdain: whose cruelties beside
 Make him a Tyrant to maintaine his pride.
 He doth preferre him to a lustie place,
 As full of envie, as he is free from grace.

Morall

He

He peels the great ones, and undoes the poore
To fill his coffe rs when his golden store
Is at the height, the Turke doth cast his eye,
To spy a fault, he is condemn'd to dye
By word of mouth; to squeeze his vast estate
Into his treasurie, at such a rate
My fondlings live, who are inclin'd to lust,
The Devill lets them in a place of trust;
Who sucke the poyson'd sweet, untill they burst,
They'l feel that then they nere believ'd at first.

To undergoe their tortures could they hire,
Or like to Salamanders, live in fire,
Or loose their senses in the flaming fume,
Or might their lasting soules in fire consume,
I would decline my task, and spare my braines,
And let them take their pleasures for their gaines.

But bodies, soules, and sinnes in flames must frye,
Last by consuming spirit its never dye.

S E C T. II.

*The Centinells, the Drunkards note,
One cuts his hat and burns his coat:
Two Devills would defile a bride,
And two to lust by coyne are tide:
Exchange of Pimps, a barlot shent,
A fooles conceit, the Whores intent,
A counter-greeting of the flore,
How to his friend, one lends his whore.*

THe world now hung with black, my charge begun;
The Western Seas had swallow'd down the sun:

But

But Heavens tapers then began to light,
Which did by turnes attend the Queene of night;
The skie was all enamell'd (in my view)
With glittering Diamonds, all the panes were blue.

But straight the clouds those riches did disgrace;
For everie heavenly torch did hide his face.
The sable stormes arose, proud winds grew high,
Which blew my candle out: Alas, said I,
My task is heavie! here's a hard beginning!
Must I returne, and leave the harlots sinning?
My Muse will never brook it; all the best
Are lockt with th'leaden keyes to quiet rest,
Their mantles darknesse; all their braines do sleep
In wat'rie humours, being rockt asleep
With rough-breath'd lullabies. I held my tongue,
But hop'd the best: such tempests are not long.

Some thriving Bawd, that's newly turn'd a witch,
Or else her father *Demon* (think you which)
Hath rais'd this blast from Hell, congeal'd with spite,
To stop my course, and spoyle my search to night:
Or else some Calve-skin Pander, for a spell,
To keep the doore, hath sold himselfe to Hell:
And this the breath of triumph. But I must
Go now in hast, to over-look my trust.

I from the Centre went, to see how far
My charge extended; then a twineckling star
Broke prison through the clouds: the backer doore
Was open set, and out came divers more:
The lower gates were open'd for the Queene,
Where in their offices the Sparks were seene.

The lesser lights of Heaven stirr'd my fire :
Oh ! heaven-borne patience I thee I must admire) :
Which warm'd my breast. Now, now my care begins,

I spie an Army clad with severall sins :
But they disperse themselves, the Front for feare
Turnes back in hast, to fall behind the Reare :
The Files observe no distance, and the Ranks
Are out of order, firing in the Flanks,
Will end their service : for the Wings are fled,
Or chang'd to Scouts. See, who goes there in red ?

A scarlet Drunkard ? Strength hath made him weak,
He reeling railes about, yet cannot speak.

His brains are like his guts, you need not feare
His wit ; for he has none, but garbidge there :
Though he be three parts drown'd ; yet this I know.
H' as a fire that is unquencht, he's burnt below.
He has been feasted by a man of note,
Who burnt his hat for joy, and shot his coat,
To make him welcome. *Tom o' Bedlams* grace !
They drank the hoghead out, to take his place.

Then by and by appear'd before mine eyes,
Two earth-borne Devills of the largest size, *2 devils*
Shap'd just like men, and cover'd o're with skin,
They broke a doore quite downe ; and rushing in
Vpon a Bride-groome, with his faithfull Bride,
(Who lying like a Turtle by his side)
Would faine have ravisht her ; for they did think
'Thad been a Cell, through which there was a sink,
Which older Devills made, first to convey
Their ordure into hell a nearer way.

From hence they go unfurnisht of a whore,
Crying, Confound us, we mistook the doore.

Then *Next* to them came ruffling on, whose haire
Hung downe almost a yard, being rich and faire
In his apparrell; he was kept so high,
And pamper'd like a Bore within a stie:
His pockets full, which made him much rejoyce,
His spurs were off, because they had a voyce.

I follow'd on, to understand his bent,
A chamber doore being open, in he went;
Where was a powder'd Ape, as full of lust,
As Spiders are of poyson, graves of dust.
They intermixt their sins, to purchase shame,
He had his golden fee, then out he came.

*A Lecher
freed*

I met another of a lower breed,
He's like a common Bull; his wife agreed,
To let him out for halfe a Crowne a week,
Who undertakes he shall not be to seek,
When any Queane is salt, and cannot have
A Cur, to give her what her lust will crave:
The Bawd that entertaines 'em, for her paines,
From the insatiate whore hath double gaines;
Or coupling in the corners of the street,
She saves a fee; so Dogs and Bitches meet.

I went on still, and spi'd two Blades together,
One was in Frize, the other clad in Leather:
The first was bred in Wales; the other, he
Came newly from the Vniuersitie:
His words are not his owne; yet, full of Art,
As in presenti is his owne by heart.

*A poore
Scholler*

They're

They're bare and penniless : and this was it
Had made them Poets, had they had but wit.
They'd take a whore up gratis. Frize was vex ;
Pimp thou for me, said Leather, Ile pimp next.

But coming by a Hall, I saw the wine
Passe to and fro in bowles, and for a signe
They had a whore to hang, one brought her in
(Which was a Gull) to tempt the rest to sin :
She fawn'd upon 'em, she must clip and kisse ;
One wiser than the rest perceiving this,
Reprives her to the Bar, where she must bide
To kisse the cup ; and there her case is tride.
She speaks her name in Welch ; had they not grace,
She would bewitch them with her smiling face.
The Pimp that brought her in will make no stay,
Can he be merrie while his Purck's away ?
When this was past, I forward went, and found
A prating Mushroome, which would faine be crown'd
For wittie deep conceits ; and now and then
He has applaude amongst the worst of men.
He speaks by patternes, being verie nice ;
And idlenesse in men, hee'll prove no vice.
He makes his wife his slave, which God did make
To be his fellow-helper, he will take
Advantage to abuse her, she must do
His seavile drudgerie, yet cannot woove
From him a loving word, nor gentle look ;
I reckon'd him with men, but I mistook ;
They eat and lye apart, and still will he
Maintaine she's only for necessitie.

He leave this busie pratler (never gripe)
For like a medler he is rotten ripe.

Then I descri'd, a harlot caught a man
To view her in the light : now if he can
Let him avoyd the snare, the Pimp brings up
His pots halfe full, that's common ; let'em sup.
I cannot stay to watch'em, but a Saint
Was on the signe without, in curious paint.
I parted, saying thus, heaven sees your sin,
A Saint without, but Devills are within :

*A har-
lot.*

I heard a noyse a Trull was counter-laid,
Her fees for her enlargement must be paid,
By that old Citie-whore : and now they meet,
She askes her money in the open street ;
The other mou'd with spleen began to roare
And in revenge she cri'd a whore, a whore.
Thus crying out, she ran away apace,
The old one's bolted in the young ones place.

But then my eares were with a voice of prest,
The which to me was stranger then the rest :
And yet he did but whisper this, out-right,
Pray lend my master but your wench to night ;
(For his is out of towne) and he will be
Engag'd t' your worship for the courtesie :
He'll send is owne Sedan. Then he reply'd,
He is my friend, he must not be deny'd.

*A borrow-
ed Whore.*

I see my walke at length, I hope my braine
May find more ease, as I returne againe ;
The Sun nere saw such things, the pale-fac't Moone
Shrinks back with shame, my night is come too soone.

Darknesse

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Darknesse it selfe is vailed with a maske,
To hide her blush, I've undertook a taske
Which none alive will second, that my Muse
Sings out such themes, which other do refuse;
The earth beares all, what springs from hell growes high,
Th'ayre will not be infected, why should I?
My soule abhores those things, of which I write,
My Muse and I, are both confin'd to night.
My search is but begun, I cannot stay,
My walking backe shall be another way.

SECT. II.

*A sharking thiefe, how knaves do spend
Their Masters goods, and of the end
That Strumpets have, the Letchers gold,
One lov'd young flesh and starv'd being old.
One welcomes three, the dance is round,
The Laundresse plea, a Charter found.
The Drunkards moanes, the Fiends do rise,
He falls despairing so he dies.*

BY this, the middle Region was refin'd
The fire-fac't Travellours did in their kind
Post through the azure globe: but from above
The distance great, I could not see'em move.
The Metamorphis'd Nymph, did sometimes hide
Her face with cypresse like a maiden Bride:
But suddenly the sawcie clouds would rush
Most rudely by them, with a modest blush

Shee'd

She'd over-lookethe world. Muse do not thou
 Sing comick straines, thou'lt tragick fancies now
 To try thy Genius : yonder comes a theefe,
 Who seekes at doores and windowes for reliefe ;
 If he can snap a prey, that would redeeme
 His losse amongst his drabs, he would esteem
 Himselfe a happie bruite : and it would be
 A coverlet, and present remedie
 For drunkenness, and lef; he's very bare,
 The spending of his money bought his care.
 He cannot speed as yet, oh, this a spite I
 His wife and children have not supt to night ;
 They wait his coming home, had he but sped
 With any thing that would but purchase bread,
 'Twould serue for once : but home he must not goe
 Till he hath toucht, his shaddow tells him so.

A little further there a rout I spide,
 Feasting and kissing ; where they did divide
 Their Masters goods by retaile, e very jade
 Must have her share, then she will freely trade ;
 They sparing not for cost, provide such cheare,
 Their Masters would be glad of once a yeare :
 They drinke their Mistris health, and then they woo,
 They'l pay, and so away, yet tarrie too,
 To drink another pottle we'll allow,
 We meet but seldome, let's be merrie now.
 With many times adieu, at last they part,
 Each one with corner kisses leaves his heart.

Then meet I with a Trub, most shamelesse, vild,
 Sh'was of the old translation, big with child,

A thief

And

And wants a father for't : now, if she can,
She does intend to shame a guiltlesse man.
Her friends had cast her off : she hopes to find
(Though they are harsh) their nearest neighbour kind :
He being honest, scornes to bribe this whore,
Shee'll after wait to leave it at his doore.

When this was past, a fierce enammell'd Queane
Came raging with her Whiskin, who did meane
To trade in mischief; they a match did make,
To indure Hell for one anothers sake :
They newly came from prison, bail'd from thence
By Mutton-mongers, who for recompence
Crave but her love : and now they may abuse
Their neighbours freely ; neither can they chuse,
Because it fits their tempers. Oh, abhor it !
They think in time to get a Patent for it.
A Justice with his Letter makes a way :
When that is done, it will encrease their joy.

The next a sordid Letcher, verie old,
Tempting a modest Beautie with his gold :
Though sin had suckt him drie, yet his desire
Did mock his lust into a foolish fire. *A deniall*
In his conceit, if he his will could have,
'T would make him young, and keep him from his grave.
But she being wisely honest, would not fawne
On him, nor's gold, to lay her soule to pawne.

Ere this was past, I heard a woman crie,
Being weak with age ; Ah, wo is me ! must I
Be faine to beg my bread ? I married thee
Being young, for pitie, that thy miserie

Might be remov'd, thee succor'd, being poore,
 My wealth I made thine owne; and thou this store
 Hast vainely spent, thou slight'st me in my need,
 Now I am punisht 'cause I did thee feed.

Another yet? a doore being open made,
 Two men together lying by a jade,
 'Twas monstrous to behold, they would away,
 She past all shame, desired them to stay,
 I thought they had been brothers, made a stand,
 To see a third man seize upon their land:
 And at his entrance if he'll give a fee
 He may beone, for she had room for three:
 Help her but in a case, conceale the crime,
 She'll pleasure him at any other time.

*Three
to one*

Just as I slept away, I lookt about,
 I saw a place, from whence came dauncing out
 A troupe of Gallants, other while they staid,
 Sometimes the fidler sung, sometimes hee plaid.
 The sparke that led the daunce, was all in blacke,
 He cut his capers till the strings did cracke.
 And then he stunke aspace, they fear'd no weather,
 What need they feare seeing they were drunk together?

The dances being past, it was my fate
 To see a Landresse, who had been so late
 To fetch her Masters linnen, all was hush't,
 She went in pale, but coming out she blash't.
 But making her defence thus (quicke enough)
 I by mis-fortune, did forget a ruffe,
 Which I must starch, before I close mine eyes,
 And bring it home, before he'll please to rise.

A Landresse

I do no ill, mistrust me not, I pray ;
 I come so late, 'cause he's from home all day.
 But after this, I heard (without a cause)
 A Pimping cheater raile against the Lawes ;
 He had for's villanie been lately whipt,
 Warm'd in the hand, then shoulder mark and snipt :
 O cruell times ! hard bound I and thus he sits,
 This is an Age, we cannot use our wits.
 I pimp, I shark, and steale, (do I amisse ?)
 Yet cannot be allow'd, to live by this ;
 A Senior thus reply'd, Do'st thou begin
 To curse the Law, which shames thee for thy sin ?
 Hell gapes for such as thee : then out he flings
Bis pueri senes, is the note he sings.

My Muse with sad conceits begins to scan
 The Centinels, where first my Search began ;
 I heard such moanes as cut my heart like swords ;
 Consisting more in groanes, and lesse in words :
 A dying sinner loath to change his life,
 For whom vast hell is with the earth at strife ;
 He drunk into a surfeit, he must have
 The hottest wines, there's coldnesse in the grave ;
 Fill me the t'other bowle, I like it well,
 They say such liquor's very scarce in hell :
 Alas it will not downe ! ah, now must I
 Go down, down, down, where I shall still be dry.
 Then crying towards the shadow of the Moone,
 Away ye horrid Fiends ! yee come too soone !
 I am not rotten yet, though I am curst,
 Oh, do not take me, till I've quencht my thirst !

Earth, wilt thou leave thy friend? and as he cry'd
My hope is gone, he of the surfeit dy'd.

His Epitaph.

Forbeare ye tender hearts, let not your eyes
Drop pearles in vaine : h' was wet too much before:
He was a sink to what the grave denies,
Death yeoman of his celler, keeps the doore.
He dranke himselfe to dust, nor can his skin
Keep out the wormes, which kept the liquor in.

I see my charge is heavie, what will fall,
In my precinct, when I shall sum up all?
I have a strange beginning! who will share *Complaints*
With me in paines? or undertake my care?
All kinds of walking spirits I must meet,
Though they are wrapt in skin: the open street
Gives all the succour I am like to find,
To cheare my wearie muse, or ease my mind.
Man that was made of all the creatures free,
The beasts are not such vassalls now as hee.
He's borne, he lives, and dyes, yet never knowes
His errand to the world: nor what he owes
To him that fram'd him in his mothers womb,
His soule is out at use, untill his tomb
Closeth upon his flesh: and then hard stones
With natures leave, are partners with his bones.
You have but yet a tast, to what I will
Discover to your view of night-born ill.
I cannot passe my serious part so brief,
I will aske some time to sift a Bawde: the thiefe

will

Will with the rabble put their answers in,
And you shall heare, how they will plead for sin,
With the reply : which turnes the poyson dart,
Then all their actions moraliz'd in part ;
Together with the helps I shall apply,
That they may learn to live before they dy.
Without the practice, how those things I know,
To cleare all doubts, I at the end will show.
So, now my Muse go search for stranger sins,
Thy charge is ended, when the day begins

SECT. IV.

*A Lord, his traine, the beastly slaves,
The midwives faults, the catchfull knaves,
One bed-rid lyes, that lost his whore,
The house of sin, made fit for more,
A convert found, his sponder else
Doth read his lines, and hang her selfe.
Of Iustice Had-bin once, the nurse,
The spotted dame, Fogs empty purse.*

The vapours that were summond by the sun
Into the aire, before the night begun,
Within the cloudie mantles, I well, till they
Break prison in the darke, and force away
To vent their watry humours, to disgrace
The swarme that buz about, whose blacker face
Exceeds black night her selfe ; now forc'd with fears
To turne to drops, and then dissolve to tears :

(Not flatter'd into pearles) they fall downe right,
 Which do lament the whoredome of the night.
 My babes got refuge, where they had releefe,
 I sought for ease, which did encrease my griefe :
 For, in a troubled slumber, I did find
 Strange fearfull visions brought unto my mind,
 All tragicall, which did my senses take ;
 Me thought I saw, as though I had been awake,
 A Lord (so call'd) his Traine with worsted Lace
 Daw'd verie thick ; his Pimp found out a place
 To buy another hell, he's guarded in,
 (He having took possession of his sin)
 His Honour is no Knave, his queene no whore.
 He being a Lord, she's but his Paramour :
 His Lordships bare of coyne, but those may have
 Protection gratis that bespeak his grave :
 With cap and knee, my Lord, at ev'rie word ;
 His Pander's his Buffoone, which can afford
 To break a jest, to make his Lordship merrie ;
 He's like to those whom trust did make so wearie,
 Till they deceiv'd it. Shortly he'l take pet,
 Because he cannot run no more in debt,
 For cloth, for lace, for beavours, and for silk,
 For capons, herbs, for butchers meat and milk,
 And other things : my Lord will saile away,
 Must Pesants haunt him ? let'em seek their pay.

A Mid wife, and a Keeper, that did use
 To keep all close, belonging to the stewes,
 Which had their fees, and would convey the fact
 Into a sink, or els translate the Act.

*a Lord**A midwife**Then*

Then came a Farmer with his Bearish Cubs,
 Made such a smell and ratling with his tubs,
 That night was much in feare ; such noyse they made,
 Their language was much fowler than their trade :
 With postures futing, this polluted trash,
 By filthinesse, do here escape the lash.

What, Bailiffs walk by night ? your Guard is strong :
 Do no man right, I pray, but all men wrong *Bailiffs*
 With whom you deale : Come, make the Plaintiffe pay
 For waiting times ; the night exceeds the day.
 If the Defendant come within your power,
 Pray, make him pay an Angell for an hower.
 Or you'll degenerate : how's truth abus'd !
 Such roguing Catch-polls should be ever us'd.

A weakling taken with a harlots voyce,
 And fawning looks, neglects his former choyce,
 To cleave to her, who with her venom'd breath,
 Divides his heart alive : but at her death
 This Sot falls sick, his senses do decay,
 And now his filth breaks out another way :
 For he lyes bed-rid, vexed, and he doth rave,
 All his delights are buried in the grave.

With that, me thought, I saw, and heard a Bawd,
 The situation, and her house applaud,
 Which stands entire ; a fob made under ground,
 To hide her Cattell, where a catch turns round,
 To let'em in and out : a flie back doore,
 Where any bashfull knave, or modest where,
 May come and go unseen ; besides, the leads,
 Where they may hide, if they should search the beds.

The second Part

Iron bolks to ev'rie floor, and the staires made
So cunningly, that I can drive my trade
Unknowne to all: with wanton pictures trim'd
My rooms are all, some painted, and some limb'd.
Like to the paler vermine, whose renowne
Is to creep up, and nest upon the Crowne,
The height of their ambition can no higher,
They with such bawdes must downe into the fire.

A man whose passion had engag'd his heart
To one whose lust had ty'd to act her part,
With him being lawlesse she her time will spend,
With what's most precious, so to have her end.

But he began to have an inward eye,
And having drawne the streames of pleasures dry,
The gravell fills his mouth. Thus he complains
Unto himselfe, I must expect the pains *A penitent*
Which follow sinfull sweets; which are at strife
To seale disgrace upon, then take my life.

Lust steales the name of love: I must abide
Reproch among my friends, on ev'ry side
My sores break out, my childrens cries breed grieve;
My 'state's consum'd, I cannot give relief
To serve their wants. Diseases which I have,
Will eat my curkease piece-meale to the grave.

What helps to make me wearie of my life,
The constant barking of a froward wife, *A froward*
Who us'd to vex me, where she did me find, *wife*
And spread my fame, yet could not change my mind.

But most of all, my soule a bleeding lies,
Fearing to be releas'd; from him it flies

That

That must give help (if any comes at all)
Or to the burning deep I downe must fall;
VWhere hypocrites must dwell, who are misled,
That seek for living fruits among the dead.
She muses, hee so long from her did stay,
And sends these lines to hasten him away.

My love, I long to see thy face,
Oh I come to me ! I will imbrace
Thy sweet bosome ; let not me
For want of thy sweet company
Lye dipt in teares, is love growne cold ?
Or have those six dayes made thee old ?
Or has thy peevish brawling wife
Made thee refrain so sweet a life ?
Be not dismaid ! when fortune brings
Me gold, with other gallant things,
'Tis all thine owne, to come make hast,
And then the winter will be past.
With all conditions, I can fit
To humour thee, and heare thy wit :
Thy absence makes my heart opprest
Which lives in thine, and so I rest,
Thy friend or not for this world,

her Letter.

H. E.

From my lodging in Lukensers-lane.

His Answer.

Though I was foolish, mad, and vain,
To sell away my heart,

To

To buy a never-dying staine
And cheapen lasting smart ;

By thy temptations, I was drawne
To fall in love with sin,
To lay my soule, my life to pawne
To fetch new torments in.

his Letter.

I now renounce my former deeds,
And what I lov'd before
I hate it ; bitter griefe exceeds ;
Teares wash them off the score.

Vaine is thy suit , repent and turne,
Thy former waies amend,
Least wrath in thee doth ever burne,
Where cursed pleasures end :

Thine once, but now his owne.

From Princes street.

Like to an Oxe, when she these lines had read,
Which having felt the axe upon his head,
Staggers a while, and gaines a little stay ;
Then tugs the roap, but cannot scape away.
Or like the swine whose throat receives the knife,
He runs about to loose his wearied life :
She fumes with rage, and stares about for death,
The knife's mislaid, she cannot get out breath ;
Without some warning: then a rope she got,
And tide it to a beame, made fast the knot
And stretcht her neck: so thus she ends her life,
And changes mortall, for immortall strife.

Similies.

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Her Epitaph as she hangs.

This lump of clay, the heavens do disdain,
O're-matcht by hell, dy'd over-charg'd with sinne :
Hangs in the aire whereas the Devills raigne,
Earth brought her out, which scornes to take her in.

Her soule's confin'd, within those blacke precincts,
Which will not take her carkase, 'cause she stinks.

Sir Justice Had-been, prompting whores and thieves,
Turn'd to the slime of shame : whom he releeves
Must weare the badge of hell. A poor mans grief
Being forc'd to lodge a punk, and keep a thief,
At his command for nought : broke out so fast,
That shame did blush to hear't, till at the last
He told him, had he brought a ----- in hand
He had been eas'd, for justice cannot stand
With bare complaints. This tribe was lately shent,
And routed too, pray thank the Parliament.

Shame steeld with impudence I one brings his nurse
That's gag'd for hell, to twist a double curse,
And challenge vengeance : 'cause his wife lyes in,
They'll have a chamber writ to charge their sin.

A spotted fondling which begins to swagger,
'Cause she's indicted : here the codpiece-dagger,
Receives it name, Fog, with a fierie face,
As free from coyne, as he is bare of grace ;
(Yet stockt with knaverie) would adjourne this curse,
His words are bribes, because his emptie purse
Stands out-law'd, for the fact he did last night,
Though he appears, that durst not come in sight.

Some

Some are not ripe enough for death to pluck,
 Nor is their measure full ; some others suck *Morall.*
 The poyson with their sins, untill they burst :
 All turning not are at the last accurst.
 Like Toads, or Traytours, being Male-contents,
 " That from faire day-light hide their foule intents,
 But spets 'em in the night. Here they do mind
 Their owne undoing, in another kind.

The Panther drawes men with his pleasing sent
 Into, or neare his den ; when his intent
 Is to devoure'em. So the Devill drawes
 The sinners in, where with his sharper clawes
 He teares their flesh. Poore creature, that exceeds
 The second Devill in his cursed deeds !
 Who freely loves the sins, but hates the shames
 That follow close, nor will he owne those names.

The Devill lives a Batchelour, but he
 Is free from acting of adulterie,
 As from foule language ; he was never drunk,
 Nor did he ere lye bed-rid for a Punk.
 Hee'll nere begin, nor pledge thy Masters health ;
 Hee'd rather give, than steale a way mens wealth :
 Whom he arrests, they do not take it well ;
 Yet ere hee'll hang himselfe, hee'll hang in hell :
 His sins are spirituall ; to act such ill,
 He has nor flesh, nor bones ; he wants no will.

Where wolves do prey upon the silly sheep,
 The Shepherd is unweapon'd, or asleep.
 When you neglect your soules, then lust destroyes,
 And ruines me on in a thousand wayes :

Those

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Those that do whip out time, in the event
Will crosses find, where they expect content.

He that above doth place his love aright,
Shall find true joy, instead of base delight.

The greatest torment here lyes in the brest
Of him that in his humours seeks for rest,
With restlesse motion. After death he must
Meet flaming hot, the second part of lust.

SECT. V.

*Imps feasting those that hide their shame,
What they had, from whence it came :
Their figures drawne. A Searchers doubt,
What wayes to find these sinners out,
And spoyle their nests. Hell is reveal'd ;
Vpon what tearmes the Devill seal'd.
The Witch accu'd. The basefull Frie
Turn'd to a dreadfull Natomie.*

Night bribes the greedy Clouds, whose Buckrom skin
Tan'd black with envie, drawes thick darknesse in ;
Flatters the subtile vapours from the earth,
T'assist the goddesse, travelling in birth,
With various changings of the last edition,
Which must be cover'd close : no repetition
Of her conception, she conceales her breed
For black designs ; pray Officers take heed :
Morpheus resignes his keyes, and she hath prest
The world to silence, who must keep a feast

For

For men of qualitie : the Jaylor's first
Shew kindnesse to their Brats, when no man durst.

The Bridewell Beadle's next : if any slip,
They'll twist it soft, and oker o're the whip, *The*
To make a signe for shew, but save their skin : *guests.*
They're welcome here ; then Marshalls men come in ;
For passing by the doores they are invited :
The common watch-men, when they are berighted,
Conduct them to their lodgings, and will hide
Faults, persons, places ; if they be espide,
The Beadle winks at all : and they must be
Their middle guests to this societie.

Two Supervisors, Justice ---- his Clark
Came blundring, found it, though it was so dark :
To do them service he will be their page.
The others over-see them, and the cage
Diverted from a Bug-beare, they passe by,
With carelesse looks, and a disdainfull eye.

At last the Hang-man came, (being verie late)
And prov'd himselfe an Officer of State ;
*Cause he can help 'em to a falling band
That is in fashion, turne them of his hand
With gentlenesse, he's entertain'd in love,
He sits below, that us'd to ride above.

The place where they did feast, I'm loth to name ;
Seeing I disclose, and they conceale their shame, *The*
The note, 't was neere Long-Acre, in a place, *place.*
In which Hell's fearfull She shall reap disgrace :
If with her Imps she haunt it in the day,
Where Sodom and Gomorrha (as they say)

Receive

Receive a second being, where in fell
The tragick part, the second Scene of Hell.

Now all the guests are come, and for their fare,
Those that are frinds to darknesse, do prepare
Their dishes severall: for the love they found
From them at ~~several~~ times, their chear shall now abound,

The Bill of Fare.

A Letter pard'ning sweet offence,
With halfe a thousand *Peter-pence*,
As tickets from *Queenes street*,

A Court-like dish of divers things,
Larks, Puets, Teile, a *Germane* brings
From a child of the *Kitchin*,

A Lady knowne to divers *Peeres*,
I dare not name her for mine cares,
Sent a *Venison Pastie*.

Black Jenkin brought from *turne-taile Mogs*,
Two *Pheasants* roasted full of eggs,
With a charger of sweet meats.

A *Mutton-pastie* full of plums,
A roasted pig. with sauce, which comes
From the old *Cherrie-garden*.

A Leg of *Mutton*, and a *Hen*,
Well drest, for halfe a dozen men;
From *Parkers Lane*.

Two

Two necks of Mutton, neatly boyl'd,
The meat was good, the broth was spoyl'd,
From the Cole-yard.

A Loyne of Mutton of the best,
Two Rabbets which did grace ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~best~~ ^{best},
From the new Cherrie-garden.

A Loyne of Veale, a curious Hare,
Two Pippin-pies, which was the fare,
From Pickadella and So-ho.

A hanch of Venson verie fat,
(And when they saw't, they smil'd at that)
From Mistresse *Peale*.

A brace of Woodcocks, and a flight
Of Partridges, all caught since night,
From Mistresse *Gray* and Mistresse *Hill*.

Dame *Agur* shew'd she loves her trade,
Who sent two Custards ready made,
With a pottle of Sack.

Moll Cut-purse sent, with Ambergreece,
Two foolcs made sweet, worth Crownes speece,
With a Monkey to make'em sport.

They had a Turkie roasted browne,
'Tis thought it cost at least a Crowne,
From *Nine-penny Moll*.

Dame *Lopas* sent the Brewers Clark,
(Who lost his way it was so dark)
With a Pigeon-pic.

From mother *Gardner* was convey'd
To them, two Pullets never laid,
With a gallon of Claret.

Pimp Major brought from everie jade,
That was in stock, and kept her trade,
Six pence at least for wine.

Who knows what that lascivious Imp,
Which swore Saint *George* into a Pimp,
Might send in his Sedan.

To shew what Gammer *Welch* did send,
Or Goody *Grigs*, I should not end,
Till I had tir'd my Muse.

What *Giles's*, *Martins* in the fields,
What Black-mans street, or Kent street yeelds,
Would be tedious to relate.

For ev'rie one within the Line,
Which sent in money, meat, or wine,
Cannot be nam'd.

The Beadle tun'd his pipes, and rais'd his throat,
He hath a mind to sing, his straggling note

D

Is

Is now reduc'd ; but had his necke been strung,
H' had plai'd a fit or two, but never sung.

The Song.

V Hat candid sweetnesse is exprest,
From hearts, by love, made free ?

Pans Tribe had never such a feast,
Nor such rewards as we.

The bounty of the winged God
Is in his subjects showne,

Blind felle- I make for those a rod

Who traffique with their owne ?

Jove, crowne with pleasures and content
With freedom, and successe,

Those polish'd treasures nature meant

Her off-spring should possesse.

Doth any Swaine enjoy a field

Which may not sow the ground,

And reap the fruit which it doth yeeld

With pleasures that abound ?

The Spring bestowes her Maiden-head

Where natures fine is paid,

Whose babes had been but hunger-fed

Had *Ceres* dy'd a maid.

Jove crowne, &c.

We'll honour still the free-borne race,

V Whole minds to merits move :

Winke

Winke at, help, free all those with grace
And praise the Queen of Love.
To please young gallants is no crime,
Or put new life to age,
We'll clap a perriwig on time,
And he shall be their page.
Jove crowne with pleasures, &c.

Love muzzells envy, puts a bit
Into the mouths of them,
Whose beards hang downe for signes of wit
Yet prize not *Cupids* jem.
Let Supervisors search the aire,
And Paper-scare-crowes flye,
To vent their spleen into dispaire,
Till malice bleake and dye.
Jove crowne &c.

We'll travell dry-shod through the deep
And cool through *Serie* flames,
Our braines in *Helicon* we'll steep,
To blaze their honour'd names.
Let *Pegasus* their Sumptures beare,
Parnassus traine attend
Their joyes alive, and Trophies weare
To grace them to their end.
Jove crowne, &c.

When they with wounds of love shall dye,
Fame shall their vertues crowne,

And ev'rie star that's in the skie,
 Shall weare a mourning gowne :
 The Sun a sable riding suit,
 The Moone a Tabbie vaile,
 The world (with Cypresse hung) be mute,
 Grim death, go under baile.
Jove crowne, &c.

The birds which visit shadie groves,
 In silence droop the wing ;
 Save *Philomel* which sorrow moves
 Their Elegies to sing.
 The pair full Silk-wormes Master-peece
 (Perfum'd) shall make them shrouds :
 For balme wee'll rob the pride of Greece,
 Cut Seare-cloth from the clouds.
Jove crowne, &c.

With roses, pinks, and gilly-flowers,
 Adorne their monesfull Herse ;
 Teares turn'd to pearles, with honey showers,
 Compos'd with stately verse ;
 To measure out *Apollo's* height,
 Which strong-breath'd lottie lines,
 Shall sacrifice the Muses right,
 To consecrate their shrines.
Jove crowne with pleasure and consent,
With freedome and successe,
The polisht treasures Nature meant,
Her off-spring should possesse.

They're

They're verie joviall drinking healths about
To all their benefactors. E're the rout
Did fall in pieces, thus the clarke did wish,
On that my Master had but such a dish I
He loves it deerly, think it is not lost,
His curtesies will countervaille the cost.

But Squire *Dicke* perceiv'd, to whom the slip
Belong'd by right, did hardly feel the whip.
And that his place was wrong'd, which by descent
Did fall to him, took pet, away he went;

To shew their humours (to prevent the harms
They use their names as vizards do their charmes)
Is needlesse here, but all this dunghill breed
Look like the excrements, on which they feed.
A maistive litter I which at carion-plucks,
And like the witches, which the Devil sucks;
They live on sins (as Parrators did use)
And strip truth naked, to maintaine their stewes.

*Dung-
hill breed.*

I turn'd, and did a powerfull man espie,
And he began to search as well as I;
With whom I had discourse: he askt me how
These things might be redrest? said I, alow
Wise men, but leave to search suspected places
With Warrants; by their habits, and their faces,
With carriage, course of life, will soon bewray
(First try a smooth, and then a rugged way)
Their guiltinesse. One's poor, being over-awde,
Plundred of all, a Cozen to the bawde
Another proves her self: a souldiers wife,
The third will be, and she is now in strife

*Another
Searcher.*

*How to
finde'm.*

To get his pay : the fourth is in debt ;
 He lives in private, for the Hounds are set
 To smell her out. Another can produce
 Letters, to shew her portion's out at use,
 And cannot get it in ; her mother's faine
 To send her meanes, which by her notes is plaine :
 But written by the Pimp still, once a week.

The last, of all, her answers are to seek,
 And shee'll confesse the vilenesse of this trash,
 So you will save her from the Beadles lash :

Send out to seize 'em, as they walk the street,
 They'll call familiar names, you smiling greet,
 With Coze, How d'ye Sir ? What's a clock ? Good night :
 Oh, Countrey-man ! what newes ? and you invite
 To drink a cup : put them within (for state)
 One of the Bridewells, or the Counter gate.

The houses you may know, by little cans,
 And Pimping pots, from any honest mans.
 Where, they tell drink, or of their neighbours bought,
 Of everie penny they will make a groat.

Their times of meeting's after candle-light,
 You'll find them in their filthy nests by night,
 With their foule Trainee ; trie, finding bad their cause,
 Do justice quickly ; bribes will blind the Lawes :
 Shame partiall Knaves : do (trusting faithfull men)
 More in a yeare than has been done in ten.

This pleas'd him well ; he'd ute his power and skill,
 To honour true men, chase away the ill.

And parting thus, a Rogue, that bought his wife,
 Being kin to great men, they might save his life,

And

And make him Sessions prooffe, appear'd before.

When he was past, there was behind a doore
The Devill booted, in his hand a switch,
Who with a Bawd, a Strumper, and a Witch,
Held conference; the first, as it appeares,
Demands a lease of one and thirrie yeares,
To live at ease, with mirth (as sh^e hath seen)
But his Commission grants but seventeen
Vpon a rotten soule. The second must
Have fortie five to satiate her lutt,
And dwell with pleasures; and the Fiend must be
Engag'd to keep her from the Gallow-tree,
And whipping posts: 'cause her bewitching tongue
Must bring him custome, being faire and young;
He seales for thirtie, giving her a jeere,
I never us'd to buy a soule so deare.

Then spoke the Witch, to have her lease renew'd,
'Most out of date; which when the Devill view'd,
He laughing said, I will renew thy roule,
If thou canst pawne me but thy daughters soule;
For this is mine. Do'st take me for thy slave?
Lend time on that, which shortly I must have!
Feare made her quake. He (to resolve the doubt)
Will keep her warme when her Indenture's out.

As strangers, flatter'd with deceitfull snow,
Fall in a deadly pit; they do not know,
That ruine waits upon them. Like the Ass,
Vpon bare quarter to and fro doth passe,
Laden with spices, gold, and precious stones,
Fowles teare his flesh, and dogs do gnaw his bones.

When they die, flaine, diseased, weak, or old,
They cannot bribe these vermin with their gold.

So Hell-hounds, peece-meale, vexeth everie part,
Which suck their bloud ; the Vulture eats the heart.
Their feet make creepers, to support the brand,
Their legs in flames, like hand-irons do stand :
Their bellies fill'd with horrors, and for racks,
To hang their bowels on, they use their backs :
They drie their livers, and they broyle their lungs ;
Slicing their Armes, their hands they use like tongs,
To stir the burning coales : in sulph'rie smoke, (choke :
Their heads must hang, with which the throat must
The veines and sinewes shrink, the ribs must lie
Like gridirons, on which their soules must drie :
Their spirits dye alive, they have their skin
Tann'd brimstone prooffe, to keep their torments in.
Th'ad better been unborne, than thus mislead,
To be in Hell anatomiz'd when they're dead.

SECT. VI.

*A formlesse female you shall find,
As well in body as in mind ;
Her face, her speech, her breath bewray'd,
Her hands, back, sides, legs, feet, display'd :
She'd faine turne Whore, if not a Band,
Her meanes have Suitors ; none applaud
Her parts, nor person, in disgrace
They leave her, when they see her face.*

¶ Re *Flora's* favour had the aire perfum'd,
Or barren winter was by time consum'd,

The

The teeming earth did promise wealth and peace,
When she was stor'd with blessings of increase.
The day had morgag'd time to envious night,
Then was a Female brought unto my sight,
Drain'd from the dregs of time ; which when I saw,
How she was fram'd t'oppose great Natures Law,
I could not chuse but wonder : then my Muse
Call'd Fancie in, took libertie to use
Her skill, to limbe this virgin : you may see
How both her beautie, and her parts agree.

*Descrip-
tions.*

You might perceive the haire upon her head
Was took on trust, or purchas'd from the dead.
Her ears were large, and hang'd about with glasse,
She'd shak'em off, and prick them like an Asse :
Her browes were furrow'd, verie deep, and large,
And fill'd with soyle, ('twas but an easie charge)
They like a Pent-house hung, to save her face
From all mis-fortunes ; colour'd with such grace,
Say what you would, her colour would not change,
'Twas Chesnut-like : In maids 'tis verie strange.

Her nosedid shew, how Envie doth appeare :
Above 'twas pale : Consumption, grieve, and feare,
Had made it shrink ; the other part did swell,
And look't so red, as if it would rebell :
It did disdain the other in distresse,
That part grew rich, the other poore and lesse :
The lower part turn'd up againe with spleen ;
To quiet all, there was a hill between,
Kept downe the fire : but still the graine doth fret,
The holes were made, some of the Rubies set.

Two

Two streames run through't, how strange it was to me,
That fire and water should so well agree !

Her eyes perceiv'd this strife about the nose,
Though they were sunk, the water then arose
To coole this broyle : fresh remedie it seeks,
With running post it gutter'd all her cheekes,
But all in vain : then both her eyes did bend
Their force to wait upon the lower end.
Though divers waies they seem'd to go astray,
They view'd the nose as constant as the day ;
They altogether sham'd great *Nestunes* pride,
When that is low, 'tis alwaies here high tide :
Her pimpl'd cheekes made fruitfull by the itch,
Deckt o're with pearles, but were not halfe so rich ;
They still were solid in the midst of mirth,
For gardning time, her nailes had rakt up earth.
Her breasts were like two bottles made of leather,
Yet they were twins, for they stuck close together,
Some Carbunkles, with Saphires there were set,
The ground, some yellow, some as blacke as jet,
She had one fault, her mouth was too too narrow,
Reicht but from eare to eare, mouth'd like a sparrow ;
Her lips were shrewdly beaten with the weather,
And so at ods they would not come together :
They swell'd with pride, then emulation rose
Which first should catch the droppings of her nose ;
The lower lip did alwaies cheat the other,
And quite forgot the upper was her brother ;
Her teeth being kind, did grieve so much, that they
Fell in consumption pining still away.

All mourn'd in blacke, each tooth did lose his life
Dy'd by degree, and left them thus at strife ;
The language that did steale out from her throat
Did jarre, and sound just like a Ravens note ;
The Screech-owle in the tone did beare a part,
But not a word proceeded from her heart.

To see this Damsell many there did throng,
Her breath did keep them off it smelt so strong,
Full six yards off (Muse preshee do not lye)
Her breath was smelt, judg'd of the standers by.
A fillie cur was for this favour blam'd,
He being guiltlesse, ran away asham'd.

Her neck was sable, and decitfull too,
Bearing the head with verie much adoe ;
Nor could it once be brought to owne her face,
But sinke it downe, and left it in disgrace.
Her shoulders still were constant at a pinch,
Her head abov'em could not creep an inch :
They held together and did domineer,
Keeping the head with force below in fear ;
Her hands were wrinkled, with so grosse a graine
You could not see the rising of a veyne.
And being colour'd of the sadest white
Like mourning-gloves, and yet swell'd up with spite :
Her fingers were too short to tell a sum,
Nor could you know her fingers from her thumb.

Then looking on her backe, a bunch I spi'd
That was most constant on the weakest side :
'Twas broad and ridged, yet not much in length,
Made fit for burdens, but she wanted strength.

She'd lost a joynt being frighted in this fray,
 One side sunke halfe a yard the other way :
 Her hips did shrink aside, yet they with passion
 Broke out, 'cause fardingales were out of fashion.
 To all the rest, her buttocks were unkind,
 They followed after, but a yard behind ;
 Her massie legges, seem'd to be made of wood,
 Here's one fault more, the wrong ends downwards stood.
 She on her leg did scorne to nurse a calfe,
 The lower end was fuller fed by halfe :
 Her fleshly ancles would not be content,
 But spread themselves (think but how spare she went)
 Her corn-fed feet with haste were never mov'd,
 Her heels would strike each others, yet they lov'd ;
 The sides were not so hollow as the rest,
 The bottomes too did like plaine dealing best :
 She loves square play, she is even with her toes,
 Th'were borne together, but they live like foes.
 They will not yeeld, although they are kept under,
 They keep true distance still a yard asunder ;
 Her temper is the lowest in degrees,
 Pray pardon one mistake, I've mist her knees ;
 They did uphold each other in this fight,
 Like faithfull friends, yet they would often smite ;
 Her mind was wanton but her face and shape
 Would coole the lusting of the filthiest ape.

She was a Fowle of night, what nature did
 Lay open to her shame, she would have hid ;
 A whore she would have been, none did applaud
 Her parts, nor person, then she'd turne a bawd,

But

But that she prov'd to be the common scoffe,
But as a foyle, to set such cattell off,
She might be us'd, if she could get a place,
For she's as shamelesse, as the begger's base.

To shun temptation, there's no need to maske her,
Shew but her face, there's none alive will ask her.
Her fame was spread, to see this lasse came store,
But then her looks did fright'em from the doore :

The rayment on her backe was verie rich
Or for her lands and coine, I know not which
Suitors came in; the wealth they came to woe,
But none could hav't except they'd have her too,
Then they left off their suits, still to this time
She leads a single life, being past her prime.
If I should show her wit, how she will vapour,
'T would steale my time, besides a sheet of paper :
Her out-side now shall satisfie my rime,
He blaze her inside at another time.

Look where she is, and view her in the light,
Now He be silent, least I shame her quite.

SECT.

SECT. VII.

*A Carpenter the Devill turnes,
 And in a Brothel-house, he learns
 To pimp about. He falls in love
 With two or three that lye above.
 He'ad been gentile, to please one whore,
 Had not the Surg'on found her sore.
 A Cheat, complaints, a filthy damp
 From Traytours vaults, the beastly Camp;
 A Phoenix found; two sharking Spies;
 The Bands profession, ere she dies.*

After the storme, the clouds which did embrace
 The nights black bosome, flatter'd with disgrace,
 Prove Turne-coats on her; or, like Moores in spite,
 Being black themselves, do paint the Devill white:
 Their shrowds were gleanes & comets. Now their pride
 (Their waine robes dropt peece-meale) cannot hide
 The passages of Hell: they rather make
 A Court of Guard, that the infernall Lake
 May have commerce more freely: at the last,
 Hell sent a private Spie, who with a blast. *a Spie.*
 Mounts to an upper roome, and gain'd reliefe,
 Where Cock the Coblers Pink commands in chiefe.

His habit like a Carpenter, his hose *His habit.*
 Of Beggars velvet, here and there a rose
 Brancht out with fruits; his waist-coat verie red,
 A plaited band, a cap wrought on his head,
 A rule by's side, his apron rugged leather,
 His stockings blue, his heeles went close together;

With

With flat sol'd shooes. I drawing neere to see,
 His cloke, bag hose were ti'd above the knee :
 His hands were brawnie, with a swarrie face, *his*
 Much like the Jew that us'd to haunt the place, *person.*
 Which ends this bawdie Row. Black Nick's their guest,
 Who minds them most, when they do mind him least.

He's much in love with Cock, and haunts her bed,
 He courts her twice, and if her maiden-head
 Had been but vampe, sh'ad pleas'd this cautious Spie,
 Who fear'd the heat. She did but draw his eye ;
 He hopes to match her, to encrease the breed *The Di-*
 Of Vulcans nephews, and the Serpents seed. *vel's in*

He loves the Mistresse too, because she's right, *love.*
 He'd be the Jewes corivall : but to night
 The Clerk must beord her fist ; hee'll patience learne,
 Finding she breeds up others for his turne,
 And payes the use to hell : when she doth call,
 Who he pes at last to have the principall.

This fiend is active, downward he doth creep,
 And finds a vassall enter'd, fast asleep, *Customs*
 Who had not paid the custome for his sin, *for sin.*
 But thought to cheat the Devill ; who came in
 And like a coarse he winds him in the sheet,
 And carr's him out, and layes him in the street ;
 By rule he measur'd him, as though his doome
 Had been to make his coffin or his tomb,
 But left him on his face, as if this slave
 For's penance, were to scratch himselfe a grave.
 When waking he amazed, and affright,
 With trembling joynts, fierce looks, with's haire upright
 Ran

Ran to, and fro : he by experience found
 His lodging was upon the Devils ground ;
 Where he will build anew, or pitch his tent,
 And for this end this carpenter was sent.
 He's often in the cellar, through a chink
 He'll peep, when *Ginnie* comes to draw the drink,
 Skulk in the drinking-rooms, when any whore
 Lookes on his face, he slinks behind the doore
 And vanisheth : yet knocking neare the rout,
 Stamps on the flowre, and throwes the goods about :
 Trips up the staires, and finds a sherk a bed,
 He walks about the room, then holds his head.
 He proves a constant ghuest, both night, and day,
 But like the Scotch-man, Deile a groat he'll pay.

*The devils
grave;*

Well, *Nick* mounts higher yet, and whets his tooles,
 Throwes down the table, up and down the stooles :
 And finds a Pinnacle waking, by and by
 He takes his axe ands lifts it up on high,
 Aimes at her necke, and holds it o're the bed,
 As though he did intend to chop her head
 Off at a blow : if thus he had serv'd this jade,
 'Thad been enough to've spoiled the hang-mans trade.
 A reall warning ! and the stroke had been,
 But yet she is not blacke enough with sin.

*The devills
tooles.*

She's fearfull, strange, she doth not like his pitch,
 If she were old enough to make a witch,
 He'd grow familiar with her, then he spv'd

*She likes not
his pitch.*

A Surgeon coming on, who must be fry'd,
 For being scalded, or the old disease
 Creeps through her bones, which can afford no ease :

*The
Surgeons fears.*

Must

Of the Night-search.

Must have a private search, and who but he

Attend him up? the Carpenter must see.
Sometimes he'd peepe, and by and by he'd pause,
First here, then there; and when he found the cause,
Slunk out of sight, the Surgeon saw him first,
Call'd for a Jugge of beere, to quench his thirst;
Tooke him to be the tapster: but in feare
He left his Patient, and forgot his beere.

The Carpenter was taken with this Jade,
And for her sake he had forsooke his Trade,
Pack't up his tooles, and sent away his boxe,
Save that he was afraide to catch the ———
Or to be burn't, he could not leave his *Nel*:
Alas, he knowes there's heate enough in hell.

I heard a sudden knocking, at a dore,
None in the house, but choise of goods, and store;
The answer was, No person is within,
They heard one as they saide, and doe begin
To give salutes, to blinde the Neighbours eyes,
They put one in, and car'd away the prize.

Neare to that place, was a malignant crue,
Plotting deceits: (let *Cesar* have his due)
And spurne at those (like Drones within the hives)
That fetch them hony, to preserve their lives.

Then coming neare their Camp, some swore, som drunk,
Each, two or three. betwixt them had their punck:
Some rob'd, some stole, and brought it to their den;
They've license for't, shall Princes loose their men
For want of pincks and plunder, Is it right?
Th'associated pillage made 'em fight.

As they preserve Truth, Liberty, and Lawes,
So let them thrive : let Justice trie the cause.

Here's one comes moaning of her selfe, her case
Is very bad ; she cannot keepe her place
For Supervisers. Wenches tooke away
For Bridewell birds. But I shall see the day
When they shall suffer for this foule abuse.
I made amends. Now pleasures out of use,
If such prevaile, we that have pleas'd the Age,
Shall have rewards; in Bridewell, or the Cage.

But here's another (which is rare to finde)
Of better temper : formerly too kinde,
Which breakes her heart, makes teares drop downe along
Her paler cheekes : true sorrow moves her tongue,
Thus, to disclose her greife :

Oh ! thou that govern'st all things, pittie mee !
That have lov'd sinners, and forsaken thee !
I've purchast shame. Oh ! thou that giv'st all grace,
Shew me thy beauty, let me see thy face
In sweeter termes : and let thy Spirit fill
My soule with love of thee, to hate all ill.
Teach me to feare thee while I draw my breath;
And free me from the snares of sinne and death.
Although in sinne I've spent my former dayes,
Yet, make me now an Instrument of prayse.

Among the fondlings one is founde, here blest :
Who like a *Plemix* will disgrace the rest.

I press't on still, (my night being sharpe and long)
And spy'd two Shifters, but I held my tongue.
One was in threed-bare scarlet, wanting colour ;

The other was in blacke : as he grew duller
His robes turned gray with age : 'twas my intent
To marke their carriage : to a stewes they went.

The bawde was Pocky-sicke ; yet spoke this beaft :

Ah ! I am going to eternall rest,
To see my Saviour. I must minde my toombe.
Those whom you seeke are in the drawing roome.
Goe, take your choise, when I am dead and rotten,
Honest *Alec Spencer* will not be forgotten.
My Girts were free, you never knew that I
Disgrac'd a man that left our company.

A little comfort's this to me ! goe, I am ill :
You stand in thornes untill you have your will.

Here's mischeife in the abstract : In their path
Sin walkes with hell in state : death arm'd with wrath
Dogges them behinde. The divell keeps his Court
A while on earth, to make his fondlings sport.
Had hell a quezie stomacke, they might bee
Sav'd from her Jawes: or at the least if shee
Did swallow them : when once she left the paine
(To ease her spleene) she'd spue them up againe,
But nothing frets her lungs : shee needs must thrive :
The ten horn'd beast she swallow'd downe alive,
With monstrous locusts. she'll her Patent use,
To take in all which Heavens doth refuse

Bawd-like, the Spider, in his Pantry spies,
To sieze the heedelesse carkases of flies ;
And vent his poyson'd humours. For his hire
He with his brood are swept into the fire,
Or prest to death. As wandring Comets fall

To earth from whence they rose, (this rabble shall
 Speede like the Spider) and their sparkling flame
 Shall fall as low as hell : but still their shame
 Must live on earth : Except my papers rot,
 Or time consume their memorie. If not,
 Some sharper quill may chase them to their Inne,
 When they have onely priviledge to sinne;
 And pleasures are degraded, by their paines,
 Old time consum'd ; Eternity remains.

SECT. VI

*A hatefull swarme, the shot one pai'd :
 The plaister'd Crane, seized goods, what stai'd.
 They bib afresh; the Cripples will :
 A bore, the Ruiners lines prove ill.*

THe day being driven neare the furthest point,
 Sence dead asleepe : Discretion out of joint;
 Blacke darkenesse rul'd with triumph : sent out spies,
 To take close prisoners, all with open eyes;
 Least they should view the workes (by candle light)
 Untill they were exchang'd for bratts of night.
 The Starres did feare infection : and the Moone
 Turn'd backe with feare to see one night so soone
 Should gender such corruption ; wherein breeds
 Such strange shap'd Vermine, and such hatefull deedes,
 By them ador'd. Those that love slothfull rest,
 Call her sweete shadow, Chamber for the blest.
 Now, to my worke. I scouted out, and found

A sixe fold knotte, One in a drunken swoond
Lay stretching by the rest. One's like to choke;
The third (whole heathen weede—turn'd into smoke,
Will cure all distempers, in the braine,)
Is but a learner yet, The fourth had a vaine
With new-found baites, to cheate the silly fish,
Had he but catcht'em, he'd present a dill
To these, his friends. The fifth a grosse offender,
And judg'd to be but of the doubtfull gender.
The last was of the neuter: but to night
Their gender's common in the Coblers sight.

*The
caper.*

The lustfull Ape would blush to heare it nam'd,
And brazen impudence would be asham'd.
They'd swear and drink out time: they with their whores
Did onely chase his fore top out of dores,
And saw him bald behinde: one sculks away;
But now the reck'ning comes, which one must pay.
The Captaine has no coyne: but he intends
To leave his tooles: which with the Coblers ends,
Will stoppe a hole. The man that suks the weed
Is flush, as yet;—and he must doe the deed.

The Bill.

- | | | |
|--------|---|------------------|
| No. 1. | For two and forry Pots of Ale,
And Jugg that told the merry tale: | } 0 11 s. 6 d. |
| No. 2. | For Wine, and Sugar, and for Nell,
But you must pay for what befell | } 11. 2 s. 3 d. |
| No. 3. | For Cakes, Strong-water, Smoke, and Wood,
Payall, and ther's my Flagon good: | } 0 17 s. 0 |
| No. 4. | But I forgot, you had at first,
Of Red-Cowes milke to quench your thirst. | } 0 1. 3. 7 d. |
| | His purse did swell, till he had paid,
But then the rising bunch was laid. | } 21. 12 s. 4 d. |

One foaming like a Boare; that's not excus'd,
Who haunts the sinkes of sinne, and he is us'd
For hotter worke. For he goes up and downe
To serve the queanes, their friends being out of towne.

But then, there was presented to my sight
A Master-Peere : the worst I saw to night :
A formelesse heape of rubbish in a Cell,
Almost as darke, and not so hot as Hell :
Yet living baggs. Some had but halfe a face
Some halfe a nose, some none, some, in the place
Had lost their legges; another wants his arme,
Another both : some hands, some had their harme
About their loynes : some wanting eares, some eyes,
Some *Gregory* scorcht; their sight I did despise,
But twas my charge; and none that perfect be
Can be prefer'd to this Societic.

They had been Thieves, Sharks, Panders, Pimps & Bauds;
Turn'd beggers by degrees, vers'd in those frauds;
They give instructions : sit as Judges all,
And have allowance from the Common hall.
They point their walls, their houses, when to meete,
Which rob in private, which in open streete;
Who to be baud in cheife : who *Maist Pimpe*,
Who Warden of the hall : and every Impe
Receive their orders from'em, and they doe
The lawes, and punish grosse offenders too;
They make them pay excise for severall sinnes;
For Cabbs in graine :—yet, one of them beginnes
These malignant humors ; and declares,
That they consume their stock, and he prepares

A bill against them, but, before twas fram'd
His goods were seiz'd: in th'inventery nam'd.

Primo A dish, two spoones, two earthen pans,
A tub, two stooles, one was his mans.

Secundo A dublet, and a paire of hose:
The cozt's at pawne belong to those;

Tertio A pot, a cubbard, and a knife,
A gooding bagge, a coysc for a wife.

Quarto A boxe of salve, and two brasse rings;
With *Parkers* workes, and such like things.

Quinto A bedstead, and a bed of straw;
A sheete, a rugge: all which I saw.

Sexto With other lumber, being gell,
Will come to nine pence at the least.

Besides, he has convey'd away,
A bowle, a skiller, and a tray,

A trowell, and a paire of tongs:
And downe this Court apparant wrongs.

He stands sequesterd: now he's made their scoffe;
Being a delinquent, who can take it off?

I must goe view my Senators, who have
New plaisterd all their sores: they onely crave

An other tub of Ale, to laugh and prate:
And he shall pay for't out of his estate.

The chiefe of these did surfer, and was ill:
So sicke, at last, that he did make his will,

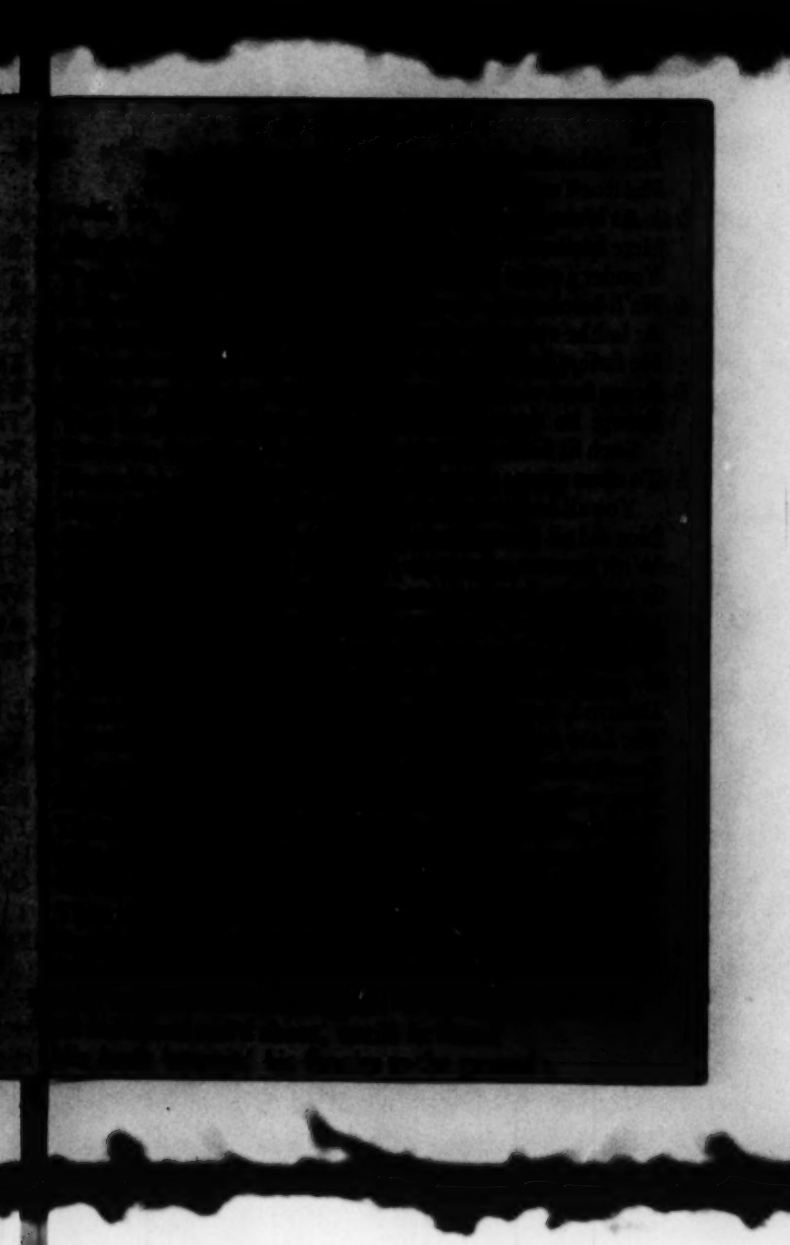
In manner and forme following.

Inpri- mis I doe bequeath my paller bed
My hat, my cap upon my head.

The Beg- gers will.

To Will in Newgate.

Item My pewter dish, my earthen ware,



The second Part

And sheetes, I thinke I have a paire.

To *Doll* in *Old Bridewell*.

Item My table, and my two joyn'd stooles,
My trusses, and my plastersing tooles.

To *Ned* in the *Clink*.

Item I freely give my pleared Ruffe,
The third part of my Householdstuffe.

To *Moll* in the *Gate-House*.

Item The other two parts I bestowe
(If he will pay what ere I owe.)

To *George* in the *White Lyon*.

Item I give my shirt, an ell of lawne,
Which lye for eightene pence at pawne.

To *Nan* in the *Marshall Sea* for clouts.

Item My wearing clothes within my Chest,
The Cloke hath bene but nine times drest.

To *Clem* in the *Counser*.

Item My second cruch, scrapt lint, fine clouts.
An ounce of pills, or thereabouts

To *Giles* in the *Hospitall*.

Item My better crutch, my plasterd rowle,
Boxe-legge, recents, and bowzing bowle.

To this *Worthy Assembly*.

As for my soule, I cannot tell
Where'tis for heaven or for hell :

I leave it to the venture.

A private dunghill for my grave,

My corps cast in, by night, I'd have :

Least *Caries* Idolize my name,

Or envious Roundheads blase my shame.

I leave it to your wise consideration.

Being

Being joynt Executors, this my will
Within two monthes, you must fulfill.

Or my Ghost will vexe you.

But this disafter parted all the rout,
T'will cost you paines agen to finde them out.
A Poetafter comes, I take his crimes
And yet I feare he'll lathme with his Rimes.
The're rough, nocude, nor Archaicke
They are as hard as any that I know
They are not guilty of
Kro
He ran
How
Art, wit, or fancy, rapports
They are not guilty of
With ekes, from o's for toes and Overt's weight.
As is the horseleech, or the humble Ayle, *the Poetafter.*
Whose sides bagg out when newly fetcht from grasse
His prayles make them rich. He hewes their feete
Like his that rim'd for farchings in the streete.
Yet they have tooke a *Pinnas*, who's at strife,
To cut the throate, or poison his poore wife.
But feares the Wardens check: (her love of late)
That walks to's *Mannor* once a Month in state.
He's carr'd a begging paper to a Knight, *Begging*
Or else he had bin study'ng all this night
They made his worship laugh: yet gave no chink:
But stuf't his belly, and his braines with drink. *rim*
His rimes made privy seaies: he sweares (being vext,)
He'll write no more to Knights: a Lord's the next.
He rail'd, and reel'd about, untill he found
His heels betray'd his fancies to the ground:

But no leaſon : poore Poets old excuſe !

His ſtock was witte, before 'twas put to uſe.

As is the Ty-dog mad, when he breaks looſe, *the Mor-*
 Here ſpoiles a ſheepe, and there he pulls a goſe, *raſt.*
 Yonder a calfe. With rage and venome preſt,
 He'll bite a man, as well as teare a beaſt.

At laſt he's caught ; he dies : they ſeize his ſkinne ;

He ſuffers for his fact (yet free from finne)

Being hard to take, ſo violent and curſt,

Before he dyes, he's knockt and mingled firſt.

Such fit ſimilitude may blaze your ill ;

To open view : although he made no will.

You all had chaines, by nature, on your necks ;

Nor did all ſpring from dunghills : but had checks

With ſweeter education : Natures tie

Is broke by force : from what you learn'd your flye :

Make ſpoyle of what you finde, intrage a while

You pull and teare : and growing ſtill more vile

By finne you'r caught : burnt, mingl'd and diſgrac'd,

Diſarm'd, unnof'd, diſmouth'd, and ſome unſac'd.

The Law doth ſeare, whippe, crop you ; at the laſt

Death takes you as he findes you : having caſt

Your miſty, plaſterd corpeſe into the dirt,

Your ſoules grow mad, where they can doe no hurt.

I pittie you. Ah ! muſt your helpleſſe ſoules

Dwell ſtill in teares and grounes ! where hels black roules

Ingroc't with all your finnes, lye in your ſight !

To gnaw your wounds, but never ſee the light !

Yet all ſuch torments, with the ſoule, in ſummes,

Dwell but as earneſt till the body comes,

SECT.

SECT. IX.

*A Courtiers silence is betray'd,
 His shirt exchange'd, a smock display'd
 With Armes upon't. Another time
 A basket-wench rennes his crime.
 The grated Vermine. Rebels land
 Shall buy no sinne at second hand
 The drunken dust, how shame breaks in.
 A wooden legge prevents a sin:
 The guilty Priests, a Drab denies
 Her husbands names: the Judge then flies
 A glorious fight. The young mans greife
 The olds mans shame must have reliefe.*

THe Ayre as now enlighten'd with a gleame,
 Night winkes at all: or being in a dreame:
 A gentle caline glides in: she's over-prest;
 Or having tooke a surfet at the feast,
 Quicke eyes tooke license to behold the crimes,
 That are in fashion with the charge of times.
 Darke Clouds rised, bearded Comets scene,
 Backebite Dame *Venus*, flatter with the *Quoene*,
 Yet breaking truee with sinners, they divide
 Their shame by equall portions. Then I spi'de
 A Squire of *Phitos* Court, to recruite his sin,
 A sacke of female kitchen-stuffe tooke in
 To greaze his way to hell: and his intents
 With imprecations, oaths, and complements.

Were varnish'd thus—Damm-me I've a minde
To court thy louzie carkase : be but kinde,
Let me imbrace thy corps : it is my will
To search thy closet : doe not take it ill :

Be not so coy --confound me thou art strange ?
Sir, did not your Grandfather build the exchange.
You are a worthy Gentleman : but I
Am far unfit for your sweete company ;
Being old, and dirty, and my dressing tore
My smock is nasty, ragged, course and poore.
Hang't thou shalt have my shirt, thy smock I'll make
Gentile in love : I'll weare it for thy sake.

They are gone to bed : but how the bold fac'd night
Did turne. their bawd, I, am silent ; when the light
Had out-fac'd darknesse, she had quit the bed :
The Squire gropt, but kissing *Shiffe* was fled.
He rose in rage, inquit'd, searcht about,
His shirt did wipe her heeles when she went out.

He in her Frocke as blacke as hell did looke ;
Arm'd with a patch of greene, the left arme tooke
The azuue trophie, time did now uncase,
The divels fondlings. In another place
The bloudy colours, from an ancient house,
Where the pale issue of the passent louse,
Lye couchant bend, in Sable-field : but he
Is rampant, gules a trope of victorie.
A badge : the Mullet seated on the breast
A Woodcock moulting : squire had lends creast
But the supporters were (this vesture bore)
An Ape in chaines, a Letcher burn'd before.

Some laughing said, this garment was astray :
 The hang-man was too proud, to bring 't away.
 When crosse-lane *Peggy* dy'd : and some did thinke
 It was the divels dish-clout, dipt, in inke.
 Inricht, with *Bluckins* tippet (being scene)
 Or Lady *Katherines* flesh-bag trim'd with greene.
 When this choise robe, was by the Landresse found,
 The Reliques was reserv'd, the Creepers drown'd.

Let greife in, Commans waite upon this Sparke:
 His onely shirt is lost, which cost a Marke.

Who'd be the divels Vassall, if he must
 Be alwayes cheated by a sinners trust?

This Blade recruites agen his Courtly minde
 Was to salute, disgrace : where he did finde
 A water'd clod of dust : whose dropping nose,
 With waper eyes, and matter, did disclose
 Deformity, if selfe : her broadfold feete
 Bore natures greife, which at the heeles did meete:
 Lust was in travell, when the watch-man found
 These lovely Babes where sinne with shame is crownd.

His wife, who heard the fame, spoke thus : you'll have
 Your name, and state goe mourning to the grave,
 Attended with disdaine. Reproach will live
 To staine your family, when death shall give
 A challenge to your dust : who will display
 His fable flagges and storme your house of clay.

He answered her, let me have pleasure seal'd
 For tearme of life : such acts may be repeal'd
 Ere saucie death be arm'd ; I'll leave my lust
 When drops of pleasure cannot drench my dust.

Quit

Quit scores with me. But she with teares replyde
 How vaine is that revenge, where sinnes abide.
 With miserie ! but Justice gives releife
 To plunderd hopes : and will casheere my greife,
 When wounded joyes shall muster ; [dead] they must
 Have all free quarter in the easie dust.

Had I had portion, comlineffe or wit,
 I had not beene so fond, as to have quit
 My freedome thus : or sold content to borrow
 A dying Prop, where strife breedes living sorrow.

This stately Courtier scornes to harbour shame :
 But impudence is guardian to his name,
 From the assaults of modesty. And he
 Will have the rules of hell for's libertie.

Could they but bring his Pinnacle under saile,
 Plac't next the herbe-wench, with her dagl'd taile,
 He in his scutchin'd robe, and one by vote,
 To read this history, and biaz the cote,
 Set neare th' exchange, about the golden fleece.
 If they afford this Shew for pence a peece,
 The Turkie-Rom, the double footed Hart,
 The dancing Horse, and *Hocus* with his Art,
 Being joyntly, or a part put out to use,
 Flags to entice the eyes, can neere produce
 Such choise of penny-customers, who'd see
 This cominicke story with the tragedie.

A Nest of water-rats with dropie swell ;
 Grin through the grates : being like to challenge hell ;
 One tamer then the rest, as he did stand
 A spie for death, cause he would come to hand

Of the Night-search.

67

He was allow'd such priviledge to have;
As suites the confines of a living grave.
This Vermine spies a Fury, one, whose haire
Had quit the skull : her face with age and care
Was tan'd and furrow'd deepe : her purled skin,
Was pleated, for the grave rat brings her in.
To stocke his crimes, must arme this fondling up,
Salutes the *Lady* having drank a cup.
He'd grow familiar, she begins to fight,
And scratch his face, and had a minde to bite,
But that her gun's lay follow : in their play
Her robes were dag'd, her legs were wreath'd with hay.
Hell hath her ends. All those Percullos Imps
Under her privie scale, became their Pimps.
Despised scums of vice ! whose putrid slime
Makes living vengeance ripe before its time.

One who pretends she's planderd, with a breife
Will beg in print, to keep a Pimping theife ;
Came creeping by. A bloudy rebell then
Who had acquaintance with Committee-men,
If they'll befriend him so, to save his land,
He'll scorne destruction at the second hand :
But give a rate, for any, new-found sinne,
Though but at urse ; as when he did beginne
To murder under scale. Now here's a Punk,
Seiz'd by a lump of clay : being stag'ring drunk
Will sake his hell-bred heate : this rake-shame must
Spawne plagues in gresse, and gender guilt with dust :
But found her lin ping. When he brought her in,
She could but give bare quarter to his sin

Hen

Her wooden legge, or turne-pipe, being stout,
 VVhich like a Barracado kept him out :
 And when it was unbract, with what belong
 To this Rare-peece : ye buckle and ye throng,
 Fell out upo' it : which skirmish did betray
 Their twisted shame, before they went away.
 This damosell could not walke, untill by Art
 The Stump was reconc'd : nor could he part
 From his beloved Cripple. Greedie hell
 Cast lots with death, when her Choy'e member sell,
As Pars pro toto. All this Pot-cat kinde,

When ere they passe, they leave a stinke behinde

As did ye Vxebridge Priest, who needes must wooe
 The guard of death, when he did lye with two.

One that joynes issue with an heire of shame,
 Forswears her husband, and denies his name,
 Keepest him in prison, Angells teach the Judge,
 He'll take no bale. And now she will not grudge
 His Clarke a feeling : reason out of sight,
 He weiges downe sorrow, cause the womans light.

An aged father breeds his childrens greife,
 Truthes persecuter, and a bloudy theife :
 Props shame with crooked shoulders, and invites
 A Lease of Strumpets to his base delights.

VVho tyrant-like promotes a damned cause,
 To banish right, and poyson wholesome lawes.
 Strong parts speake plainly, when they grace the divell,
 'Tis grace, not knowledge, keeps a man from evill.

Flesh genders lust, which flaming torments breeds,
 Without manuring, as the earth doth weedes. *Merrall.*

Which shelters vengeance ; and contracts the crime
Of yeares of pleasure in a minuites time,
With lasting shame. That foole, who for a bowle
Would sell his coate, deny'd to pawne his soule.
These venture all, they've not enough of life,
To taste all sweets, before the fatall knife
Strikes all their joyes, like beasts (for what the've eate)
Their parts devided, pay for all their meate.

When reason is engag'd to beastly sense,
A man turns brute agen : and will commence
Lost by degrees : aluring death he spies
Curses breake prison, where his pleasure dyes
For hells burn't off'ring. In which horrid frights,
His Soule hath tooke her leave of all delights.
His dust committed ; till th' impartiall toombe
Vpon the summons leaves him to his doome ;
Wner's justice is compleate, and hell-hounds-have
Eternity to guard their burning grave.

F**SECT.**

S E C T. IO.

*A Cell of Sharks, the Tutor made,
 A falsity, doggs learne his Trade,
 He bayts his snares with Rings and Glasse,
 To catch the weak. his words shall passe,
 To Cheate the Dobl, his strange discipes
 An other finding newer baits,
 He spies his times, hides ill with Lies,
 And rides the Circuit of the Size.*

A Bout the second Watch I saught the places
 Where Sharkes did meet, the Starrs had hid their
 The vapours were congeal'd into a cloud (faces
 With which the shades of night had made a shroud
 To wrap poor mortalls in : I being in feare,
 Did heare a whispering, but I knew not where.
 But gaining courage. guided by the sound,
 I, spi'd a Cell, where cheats were under ground.
 They did divide the spoyle, the lots were throwne,
 All had their shares, but no man had his owne.
 They brag'd, and told each other how they sped,
 How some did take the prize. while others fled.

The Tutor first begins : I have to night
 Mett with a booty ; as I tooke my flight.
 I was discover'd I began to try.
 Stop, stop the Theife ; to catch him who but I ?

*The
 Tutor.*

I gave my prey unto another man;
 I was discharg'd : But finde him if you can.
 I have a Dog, that can convey a purse *The dogs*
 Vnto my fellowes, what am I the worle? *rode.*
 If hee be tooke, I'm gone, that did the deed.
 If hee be hang'd I've others of the breed, *A tu-*
 I raise a tumult as I walke abroad, *mult.*
 To help my Friends. I'm partner with a Dawd.
 Ther's not a tearme, but I doe understand
 Where Gamesters lye; with some new slite of hand
 I get their gold, new plotts I doe devise, *Sherkes*
 To gull the world I baite'em fresh with lies. *plots.*
 To cast a Coular'd chaine, a ring of brasse,
 An empty purse, or Braceletts made with glasse,
 To catch a Country-man ; or draw him in
 To pick his purse, perswade him we are kin:
 To name his Neighbours, or to give a flip
 Before to make him fall, while others nip
 His purse away, to cut a Cloak-bagg downe,
 These trickes are stale; and common in the towne.
 I borrow money, other men are bound,
 I give my name in wrong : nor am I found *Wrong*
 When 'tis to bee repai'd : and those agen *names.*
 Take names of worth, but they are not the men.
 I doe procure it, they will set me free.
 'Tis but to give the Scribe a treble set.
 Or any Heire, not come to his estate,
 Yet would be brave; paying but twice the rate

I'll bring him one shall fit him, if he will
 Mortgage his Land: he payes me for my skill:
 But if the Land be forfeit, then my paines
 Will be rewarded with the greater gaines.
 He that has no invention, is not fit
 To use this Trade, 'twas Industry and wit
 That made me perfect; things both old and new
 May help our traffique, and uphold our crew.
 But new conceits I love, pray how was he
 That had the Carte, and then the Pillorie *New con-*
 Prais'd and belov'd? his witty projects made *ceits.*
 Him both gentle, and master of his Trade.
 Faine I would give you rules, and tell you how
 To cast your plotts, but i'll say nothing now.

Just, as hee stop't, another broke his minde:
 I Walke the City round, and where I finde.
 A doore left open, if it be but late,
 I slinke in quick, and take a peece of plate,
 Or any thing of worth: if any spie mee
 I'll hide the prize, and swear they doe belye me.
 Or els to cover and prevent all feare,
 I aske for such a one, or call for beere?
 I tooke it for an Alchouse, if the maid
 Will be familiiar, I am not affraid
 To trye agen, perhaps i'll be her Suitor,
 To bring my ends about she'll be my Tutor.
 If all be close, or if there be a hatch
 Where I have laid my gin, then I must watch

Walke

Walke to and fro, untill I finde the flight
To turne the wards; it is a hatefull spight
That they were e're devis'd, tha'ie alter'd still;
I am to seeke; I strive to learne the skill
Where they be sold, when I have found the way
Let me alone, I'll quickly take my prey.

I change my waikes: for where I shew my face
This night; the next I'm in another a place;
Vnlesse it be full tearme: then I doe stand
To take my turne in Fleet-streete, or the strand.

I were a Livery, and what I can
That men may thinke I am a Serving-man;
I counterfeit a Letter, or a Bond,
A Justice-warrant; any thing will stand
When I am wittnes too't, if I am found
'Tis but a whip, or snip: twise turning round
Will weare it out; and for a single fee

*Counter-
feits.*

I'll sweare a lye, as others will for mee.
At any meeting, revelling, or feast
I make up one, when I am neatly drest
Who will distrust me? then I take my time
To snap a bone, as perfect in the crime.
I goe to Church; if there I doe but spye
A man that on the Preacher hath his eye,
I'll seeme as strict as hee; and with a grace
I'll shake my head and looke upon his face,
Till I have got his purse, or cut his cloake,
Then looke on still: I care not what is spoke.

Walke

F 3

Nay,

Nay, more, I ride the circuit, cheat and steale
 Before the Judge : I see him every meale,
 And taste his fare : and yet I scapt^r till now:
 I keepe a Whoore or two, can tell you how
 I spend my meanes. Come, rise, let us dispatch
 To quitt this place: for yonder comes the Watch.
 I would have told you more; but now I must
 Commit my skill and secrets to your trust.

As doth the snake in Summer first begin *Morall*
 To shift his hole, and then to change his skin ;
 So, doe those Vermine, when the light appears
 Change place and skin: their necks, backs, nose, or eares
 Will beare the brunt on't. they'l be made a prey,
 Sweepe down the Cobwebs, th'Spiders creepe away.
 Those noysome flies that on the dunghills feed,
 And buz about, though now they are agreed
 To read to one an other, yet they'l finde
 The meat they feed upon, will make'm blind.
 They lay the Sceane above ground: but they make
 The *Vult et exit* in th'infernall Lake.

They cawle together, growing still more vilde,
 If one repenting dies, their plots are spoil'd.
 Humanitie with them is out of date,
 All Right and Justice, till it be to late.
 They praise themselves for sin: what art from Hell
 They can but learne (till there they come to dwell)
 Shall be prefer'd, but ah! how soone they slide
 Downe to their mourning shade! who can abide

To

To reckon up their woes? such cheating slaves
Are brought full soone to their unwelcome Graves.

Who can rehearse the miserie that they
Doe meet withall towards Hell? when all the way
Is full of snares and feares, which will undoe
Their Mirth at best: it's joyn'd with torments too,

A serious looke, the shaking of a hand;
A Dogge that barks, or any thing will stand
To let in shame upon them, all they get,
Or makes them lasting Gins, or weaves a Net
To keepe them for the triall: when they must
Be sent from whence they came; from thence to Dust.
And as at first, when cheating they begun,
They lov'd the darkest shade, and loath'd the Sun;
Now darknesse is their portion: where Death have
Tooke all their cheats to purchase them a Grave.

Poore Sotts! that were bewitch't! you did but finde
A smacke of Hell: what follow'd on behind
You could not see till now. Oh let my Quill
Display, not teach, nor countenance such ill!
Oh, that my Muse could shew what horrid state
Hell meetes with sin and death! Then sinners fate
In mournfull measures would be ever sung
By all that love the Muses; every tongue
Would move in order. But my slender quill
Sutes with my Muse, compared with my skill.
Vile sinners are in life and death distrest
Read but this Epitaph then take your rest.

The Epitaph.

(ther
TWo Sharkes being dead, alive did feare no wea-
They pawn'd themselves or any ill they'd doe:
The Hangman put'm in a hole together:
Their hopes are earth, now they are private too.
Beware of These, 'twill raise a horrid blast.
These sheking Rogues did cheat themselves at last.

SECT.

S E C T. II.

*A Constable is wise and grave,
 He sucks the sack: and he will have
 His guilty neighbours scape the Lawes,
 The beadle, doth bewray the cause,
 Another Strikes where he's abus'd
 His valiant guard, his wit accus'd.
 His love his teares beget a feast,
 His might preferment is exprest.*

I Searching went, my busines to dispatch,
 And on a sudden spi'd the common watch:
 The Constable being grave, put me in feare,
 He should have bin the Officer last yeare: *The pe-*
 His rule was by example, when he spoke *ty side*
 One halfe was sacke, the other part was sinoake *Cō-*
 The Taverne was his centre: he must have *stable.*
 The other quart, and hee's an errand knave
 That will not pledge him: if a handsome Whore
 Be guilty found, her freedome hee'l restore:
 She promise to amend: but this the case
 She payes her fees; he points a private place

To

To meet about it, if the Bawd can make
 But Friends, or money, hee her part will take
 And quitt her for this once : to please her then
 Hee'l winke in love, or not come there agen.

The Wine converts him to a cunning spie ;
 None but his favorites dare looke so high
 As such out landish liquor, some a sleepe
 Are, while the vermine round about them creepe.

The rest are in blind Ale-houses ; for they
 Have pence a peece to spend, and when the day
 Begins to peepe they cannot see it : why ?
 Tobacco's cloudy smoake doth charme the eye :
 And they'l be all Gentile, before they goe ;
 For they can prove this weede makes all men so

The roaring smokers, they me thinks doe mocke ;
 Let him be judge that's in the Porters frocke.
 Some are bewitch't to this out-landish weede ;
 Nor can they leave, though that with fire doe breed
 A sulphurous smoake, that representeth hell.
 Is't Christian like ? the Heathens they can tell
 Is't wholesome in excesse ? those that did strive
 T' excede, found death too soone : were they alive
 They'd fright you from it, if men were not blind
 They would not to the Divell be so kind.
 Ti's not Gentile, this cause the hangman try'd ;
 Who tooke it but the day before he dy'd.
 Mistake me not ! tis lawfull to be us'd
 As Phisicall : but not to be abus'd.

I have digrest, where May'd the Watch so long?
 I cannot find : now I may hold my tongue.
 Peace, yonder sits the Beadle on a Bench,
 His candles out; and he ha's got a Wench,
 With whom hee's to familiiar, that's the cause
 He frees such Imps contrary to the lawes.
 Hee'l over looke their Cells if you complaine,
 (What would you have him cruell) ti's in vaine,
 Hee'l plead their custome : urge me not ; must I
 Doe what my Predecessors did deny ?
 And for the Constable, hee's much in feare :
 For those that went before him, yeare by yeare
 Did passe such things, perhaps they got a fee
 They be our neighbours, and we must agree.
 We must be mercifull what er'e we doe
 That's harsh to'ards them, we should repent o'nt too

Ah, no redresse ! I must goe search agen,
 Some honesty may dwell among such men.
 Well now I am in hope : for hee's a man
 Reputed just : accuse him if you can.

Make roome for Master Constable: for he *The ter-*
 Hath purchas'd wisdom by authoritie *rrible Cō-*
 His Staffe is neatly painted ; he will frowne : *stable.*
 Keep off ; or els poynt black hee'l knock you downe.
 Hee'l use his power freely in his fit
 What ere you thinke, pray question not his wit.
 He naturally knowes his charge, in's place,
 And he can judge before he heares a case.

His

His confidence is strong, his fancy weake ;
His eyes are dimme ; yet he can see to speake:
When once his toungue is dipt in Spanish oyle
It runnes all byas, though his heeles doe faile.
Submit your selves ; for he's a man of might :
He is no spirit though he walkes by night,
He's Justice in the Letter, Friend, or foe;
If you offend him, to the Goyle you goe.

His Guard attends upon him, weapon'd men,
Affront'em not, for feare they turne agen :
But there's no danger with an angry word
Th'ir land, at least wise if they see a sword.

Mistrust him not, to differ place, or time ;
He being prov'd not guilty of the crime,
He'l make you smooke ; one fearing he had wit,
Was shrewdly shent, the Officer was quit.
From such a slander, th' others faine to make
Confession of his fault : he'l warning take
By this mischance ; and promising to men
Ner'e to be jealous of his wit agen.

The Magistrate being pleas'd, doth at his charge
Make him a feast, and now he will enlarge
His words beyond all measure : nor can I
Attend upon him till his eyes be dry.
Oh tender heart ! how sudden is thy change !
The Juglers flights are common, thine are strange.
Nature for changes, forced now must be
To worke by night, and take her aime from thee:

If full mouth'd winter thus can charme thy yeares
The gentle spring will mcke thee into teares
He that to buy a jest, can spend his store,
I'de have him still collected for the poore.

When honesty and wit are in a fright,
Who shall we find to overlooke the night?
One is a foole in grosse: the other dreames
His retaile's just: yet both are in extreames.
A foolish pittty makes a hellhound worse,
And justice out of joynt, will spurne and curse
All reason out of use, who can but see
'Tis hot and cold beyond the ninth degree?
Video et docoo, perhaps I may
Find better orders, when I search by day.

SECT,

SECT. 12.

*A Doctor kept a pauterie Jade
 His Will, being dead, shee'l use his Trade,
 With his Receipts what she can cure,
 The Will is prov'd, she must endure
 To take the shame, and leave the rest
 Her husbands sorrow is exprest:
 Of her Rep'y, shee'l print a Bill,
 To blaze her Art, and hide her ill.*

I Went forth right and saw within my Round
 A great Phisician; but he was not sound.
 His wife was old, his promis'd love was dead:
 He shun'd her company and loath'd her bed.
 Although his love was dead, yet he did strive
 With all his Art, to keep his Lust alive.
 A young one he must have and she must be
 A married wife, that their Adultery
 Might be compleat, he'd keep her in despite
 Of all Gain-sayers: through the Divells right
 He claymes her for his owne, her husband may
 Bewaile his wrong; but can not find away
 To right himselfe, for they have both agreed
 To stand for Hell and Death: his heart doth bleed

Bu

But they rejoyce in glist'ring all their sinns,
To make exchange. Now Infamy begins
To blaze their shame abroad: yet they do sleight
The breath of men; they will not break delight.
But the Phisitian (though his Trull was by)
Did fall downe sicke, so sick that he must dye.

Now farewell all delights: Thou must endure
The Launce of Death, thy art can finde no cure.
But he had time to mourne before he dy'd;
Yet, in that time, his Dowie from his side
Would never part: his wife and Children may
See him for once; but there they must not stay.
He makes his Will, and gives unto his Whoore
Halfe his Estate; his cast off wife's left poore,
With all his off-spring: Mourning she must have
T'attend his Corps unto his silent Grave,
Wherein he's layd; and there he must abide
Past cure, untill his second Act be tri'd.

His

The second Part

His Epitaph.

THis peece of art that lye beneath these stones,
 Maintain'd a Whore, untill his flesh was dri'd
 With death she suck't the marrow from his bone :
 He broke his marriage vow before he dy'd.
 He lov'd a Gallonist ; but now he must
 Like *Aracellus* on'y deale in dust.

THis halfe excoetriz hath gain'd great skill
 She'l pra^tice Physicke, to remove what ill
 Is gender'd in the bladder : (she'l endure,)
 But *Morbus Gallicus* she cannot cure.
 She cures the stone exactly, with your paines,
 To helpe you to the running of the reins.
 All fleshly humors with her art she'l nusse ;
 And last of all, she'l ease you of your purse.
 She'l car^e her medicens home : with all of which
 She'l help her Husbands head, and make him rich.
 And when the will is prov'd, she will begin
 To temper drugs, to counter vaile her sin.
 She'l have her share : these goods were hers before
 And those she had for playing of the Whore :
 Some petty things she beg'd : whose are the rest
 The will declares : he swore he lov'd me best.
 I was his darling, should not he bestow
 His goods in love, where he most love did owe ?

But when she was examin'd by what right
 She claim'd her Legacy, she did indite
 Her selfe for her offences : she was faine
 To beare away the shame, and leave the gaine.
 The reason's found of his distemper'd mind,
 The Letcher was bewitch'd just made him blind
 No share but in the sin, that she can have
 Now she's gone weeping home if she can crave.

Pardon for this offence, she will not misse
To a^d another sin as bad as this.

But when her Husband spy'd her, he began
To 'vent his grief: Alas I is any man *the Husbands*
In my condition? Thou, hast broke thy vow *grief.*
Together with my heart. Ther's nothing now
For me but shame and sorrow, till that day
When gentle Death shall wrap my corps in clay.

Keep at a distance from me: For with fear
My heart will bleed afresh if thou comest near.
The Adulterer and his gold did ravish thee
From thy dear Love; whose death hath set thee free.

Then she reply'd: In vain your tears are spent.
Did you but know the scope of my intent,
You would not grieve: 't was not for want of love
That I did leave you: 't was his art did move
Me to embrace his love: I have a way *the Whores*
That when you know, you cannot chuse but say *defence.*
My time was well employ'd: He and his Books
Have taught me skill, to know men by their looks
And what disease they have; and can apply
To every one a present remedy.

And I can keep them underhand for gain,
And make them give me gold to ease their pain.
To bring in Customers I'll print a Bill:
I do not mean to barrel up my skill.
If you do thrive, by whatso'ere I do,
You may forgive my fault and thank me too.

Blush all you Birds of night I was't ever heard
Among the Fowls, that fouler things appear'd? *maral.*

G

How

How are thy sins made snares? the World denies
 Thy breath free passage: the Heavens twinkling eyes
 Look through the vail of night: all things that be
 (Made loving friends) are enemies to thee.
 Do'it mock thy Maker, that thou sell'it the Truth
 To change thy Lover that should guide thy youth?
 When need did drive thee home, thou in thy sin
 Didst wrap thy self (by pleading) further in.
 And he that kept thee with his soul endeavor
 (Cast off his mate, which none but death should sever)
 Will find the Serpents eggs which sin hath hatcht
 Among the brood; he'll then be overmatch't.
 After your pleasures, you may feel the smart,
 Always together where you cannot part.

SECT. XIII.

*Two Spawns from Earth, want sturres their crimes;
 A Damsel stale with borrowed rimes:
 Her usage, he prefers a pink,
 A bed at bord: being like to sink
 She makes her moan; what was reply'd
 By both; all favour was deny'd.
 She's sent away, they grow more rude,
 To vex her more they do conclude.*

WHen I perceiv'd the cloudy scales of night
 Compose themselves against the glim'ring light,
 (Those

(Those that did plot to'ards Hell, did make no stay,
For all't was dark, they could not lose their way)

With artificial light I did descry

a scum.

A scum boil'd out of Earth : when he came nigh

His breath gave warning : but it was not good

H' was seen, felt, heard, yet was not understood.

The kennel spew'd him up ; but you may rake

For such another, till your hearts do ake,

And lose your labour. Being drunk he reels ;

And if his guts were hang'd about his heels

He would not vex me. Stay ; here comes his whore

With open mouth ; but ah ! she cannot roare,

Because his cash is gone. He wants a wife :

If you know any weary of her life,

Pray wish her to him : money he must have

To keep his Quean : then let the hungry grave

Open his jaws upon her ; what cares he ?

This Trull will serve for his necessitie.

Well, they must part a while, till he hath got

One to releeve his need ; and then the lot

Will fall to her again. If he can get

Some begging Poet, he will die in's debt

If he will write him verses : but he must

Keep it all private, not betray his trust ;

They must be call'd his own. His Love they'l break,

Though he be drunk or mad and cannot speak.

He ha's betray'd a Girle, with much ado,

That's honett, handsome, with a portion too :

To a poor home she's brought. Within a while

He brings one to compet with her, as vile

As Hell and sin can make her ; she will be
 Mistress of all. Did you but hear and see
 The passages, you could not chuse but grieve
 For her, whose case, death onely may relieve.
 To trick his Jade up fine, he spends her store.
 One night he lies with her, three with his Whore.
 She has her chamber furnish't, and her meat
 O'th best cut first; the Woman's fain to eat
 What scraps the Punk doth leave. Oh ! most unkinde !
 Then to her Husband thus she broke her minde :

How have I bought my sorrow ! This is bad !
 You drew me in to marry what I had.
 You keep a common Strumpet : How can I *the Woman's*
 Behold her but with grief ! You set me by *grief.*
 As out of date. Intreaties cannot move
 You from your ruine, to embrace my love.
 Death, do thy office : for I cannot have
 A fitter chamber then a quiet grave.

With that the Tib o'r-heard her, and began
 (First to the Woman, then unto the Man) *the railing*
 To break her spleen : am I the mark, which thou *Whore.*
 Dost shoot thy spite against ? Thou knowst not how
 To help thy self : but thou shalt finde e're long
 I'll be reveng'd, and make thee hold thy tongue.
 I'll have the rule of all : and make thee know
 He's mine above stairs, though he's thine below.
 We two are old acquaintance : and will be
 Kinde and familiar in despite of thee.
 He's ty'd to me in love ; why should not I
 Please him at bed and board ? Wilt thou deny

Our love free course ? Be silent ; or I shall
Trouble his goods, and make him sell'em all.
He's mine by promise : Shall I be controll'd ?
H'had ne'er took thee, save onely for thy gold.

What sayes my Chuck ? Speak ; Didst not thou begin
To draw me with conditions unto sin ?
Now I am thine for ever. Let not me
Be grumbled at by such a one as she.

Let not her howling move thee : let her frown,
Another time, I'll pawn her Tammy-gown.
Then if she'l not be warn'd, this I will do,
Sell her best petti-coat ; and then we two
Will make a merry-day, while her fond breath
Shall waist away with crying after death.

He having matter lay about his chest, *his reply.*
Which slep't quite through his maw, along his brest
Into his wind-pipe : When't had bluster'd long
It shoke his jaws, and seiz'd upon his tongue,
Which made him speak : I am not mov'd to cast
Away my sweet ; my love is ty'd too fast
To be remov'd with breath : Though thou art pain'd
Through frickelesse humors, and the Law's have gain'd
A part of what I had ; I will not leave
Her company, till time doth me bereave
Offense and motion. If thou still wilt nurse
Such jealous fancies, thou wilt make me worse.
Be rul'd by her, and do not me mistake ;
Thou speedst and far'st the better for her sake.
Do't think for dyet I would be so free,
Spend thus at home, but for her companie ?

Then turning to his bag, he thus did say :
 I am no turn-coat : I've devis'd a way
 To fit her in her kinde : I'll send her down
 Into Countrey to her friends : although they frown,
 What matter is't ? expences will be large,
 There let her leave her load : 'twill ease my charge.
 And when she's gone, we'll sell the household stuffe
 To spend the coyne ; we'll have delight enough.
 When she sees this, and hears what mirth we had,
 Being wilde before, these things will make her mad.

Poor soul ! th'art bought and sold ! but do not fear,
 Thy Hell is all on Earth, their Heaven's here. *moral.*
 Thy sufferings will be short. Repent and pray ;
 Thy next will be a sweeter marriage-day.

Ye cursed blind-worms ! if ye had your due
 Hell should be hotter made, and brought to you.
 You've wrong'd a harmless soul. Your sins will be
 Chang'd into plagues and then you'll disagree.
 Thou *Incubus* how canst escape the curse
 That's laid below ? and *Succuba* is worse.

Your hateful brood being passant in their ill,
 Keeps off the Muses from my humble Quill.

SECT. XIV.

*The Usurer and Broker steps
 Into a hole; how dry'd: Whore kept
 The rueful Court. A Witch descry'd:
 A devilish Lawyer in his pride.
 The speechless bell. A trap, two stroyes:
 A Beggar doth adopt two Boyes.
 The vaporing Rogues, new Traitors found:
 The Guards neglected in the Round.
 A Welchmans guilt much sorrow brings:
 Though he complains, his Cozen sings.*

SO many changes in a night! before
 The meadows were like fallow sugar'd ore,
 Now change their party colours: and the Ice
 Erewhile was proof of steel; yet in a trice
 Fals in consumption: as it doth decay
 Ingenders treach'rous pits, which do betray
 My 'nocent Babes. The Broker doth begin
 To try the depth; the Usurer steps in
 To free his Debtor. To be dry'd they went
 To White-crosse-street. The Usurer had lent
 The Broker many a pound; and he (no doubt)
 Had lent upon good pawns the money out.
 This house had pawn'd him divers pretious things;
 Silk Peticots, and Gowns, with Diamond rings,

Hats, scarffs, and dressings, handkechers of lawn :
 Their smocks in time of trouble went to pawn,
 To line themselves within. When trading fails,
 Poor tyers Hackneys cannot pawn their—

The Usurer is fearful (not of sin)

Since *Story* broke, he'll call his money in : *in Cow-crosse.*
 Yet, having seen the pawns, without abuse,
 He'll have gratuity besides the use :

For feelings now and then, he'll be content *the condi-*
 To take'em here ; forbear the money lent, *tions.*
 So he be shot-free. Trading will increase,
 Seing cut-throat huxters sue to make their peace.

With that I met a man that rung a bell, *the Court in*
 Who thought the Marshall-Court was kept in Hell: *Hell.*
 Chief Officers were sunk ; the Marshals brains
 Could find no grave : the Steward left his gains.
 The Cryer and the Jaylor, with the rest,
 Which to recrute their Den were judg'd the best,
 By Devils are preferr'd. How they agree,
 You'll hear more on't ; for *Web* is gone to see.

A Lawyer known, that died, of *Lincolns-Inne*
 Appeard in sight, as living he had bin ;
 Who spit out haile-shot : which did fall so fast ,
 That made us run. A seeming beauty past,
 And kept her distance : as we trac'd the ground,
 His bell grew speechlesse : having lost the sound,
 So, Dumb yet still remains. And in a fray
 A Witch, Cat-like, did carr' his Dog away.

Then one that had been carted for a bawd,
 Complain'd she was betray'd : yet did applaud

The plot of those that bargain'd for a Whore,
And made her pandereffe to keep the door,
Till *Tostes* came, from one whom she did sue,
Who call'd her so; but could not prove it true, *carrying.*
Till sin conceiv'd again; which with consent
Made proclamation for her punishment.

A man compleat in habit, dogg'd a Whore,
Asham'd to arm her: but he mark't the door
Where (fetching of a compas) she went in:
He follow'd after; not asham'd of sin, *dogg'ing a Whore.*
So it be private. Sorrow meets with shame,
To seize his person first, and then his name.

With that I heard three voices sing with grace,
The Mean, the Treble, and the Beggars Base: *the Beggars*
Two of them vapouring Citizens, both known, *adoption.*
Adopted by the Begger for his own.

He'll bring them up, that they may grow more vile;
Let them but sin, and he will beg the while
To bear'em out in't. Then this Grandy sings,
A publike Maunder; deals with private things.

Still moving on, I heard a hideous brawl;
Their chief Commander had been a Corporal,
But now cashier'd: they swore and did protest
They're Majors all; a Captain was the least: *Major.*
And so they passe, they live by theft; and rore, *Corporal.*
With sack-split-oaths: Each Vassal keeps his Whore.
Horn was as great, though he in New-gate try'd
The Virginals, till he at Tyburn dy'd.

But in a Fog, I heard a twisted breath,
As though that sin and Hell had brawl'd with death

For's laziness : but near the Dammees crue
 I durst not venter (as I lay perdue)
 Being twice in such (so like the Devils) hands,
 I bought distrust ; I do not like such bands.

Methought I heard these words ; *compositions.*

We have compounded for the blood we spilt,
 Which ran as Round-heads ; purg'd away the guilt
 By a confiding Oath. And now we may
 Without distrust, walk weapon'd night and day,
 To find out Royalists, about the Town, *bold Rogues.*
 Upon Commission, pull the prisons down,
 To make a gallant party. If we please
 To raise a stock, we'll plunder, rob, and seize
 On any thing. Our projects being hid,
 Will better thrive then ever *Waller's* did
 With *Roiler's* wit. Our fortunes all are crost ;
 Let's swear each other : 'tis but labour lost.
 We're all made men, if this invention thrives ;
 Or at the worst we can but lose our lives.
 We are despis'd. We may (our Father tels) *desperate*
 Break faith with Hereticks and Infidels. *villains.*

What fores may break when knaves are discontented ?
 It's best to doubt, to have the worst prevented.
 Their water's low ; they double in like shrimps :
 As witches are forsaken by their Imps.
 When Justice meets them ; so, these twice sold slaves
 Are left by wrath, to vengeance-purchase graves.

Then to the line I went, to walk the round ;
 Where fast asleep a Centinel I found :

I check'd him thus ; Thou art cipher'd Ginne, *neglects of the guards.*
 To let knaves out with ease, and villains in.
 The guards were carelesse, with their matches out ;
 Some drunk, some absent, others marcht about
 In grumbling postures : wheels, when wanting liquer,
 Do move as free, and turn about much quicker.
 They take a charge, but not discharge the thing ;
 An old acquittance goes for *Manwaring* ;
 A cancell'd bill, they passe in *Reading's* name-
 They read their ignorance, and passe their shame,
 When folly's in the front. They love to look
 As did the tripe wife in her guilded book,
 Who could not read a word. But this they say,
 They do their duties as they have their pay.
 Their wages small ; yet this their hardest lot,
 That sometimes they are paid, and sometimes not.
 The Master Gunners run so far in debt, *neglect of pay.*
 Their credits die. The poor Matrosses get
 Their poverty renewed. Ah ! then thought I,
 The Stewards are unjust. Truth must not die.

At my return, I found within the Citie
 A Welshman thus complaining : *Was cret peete*
Her shod pee'pus'd ! Py saffee wass not cood,
Her leck py Cownt-men, put in shink ap Wood.
Her Shentilman ap Wales, was take creat scorn,
Her peticree Was 'print, 'fore Prute was porn.
Was take it feree pad, ap all her Nation : the Welshman.
Was porn a Pritan ap se told translasen.
Her was ap Morgan, shinkin, tasia shile,
Was trug erit Muntaine ore, 'pove fise-score mile ;

Was

*Was see her cusse, trink two pot cud ale ;
 Pe merree, kish her cosh : was tek a tale.
 Was learn cod Englis ; her put take her turn :
 Shon was put ich pefore : put now her purn
 Was loosse her silfar. Was her cussen true ?
 Was say, her was ap leiws, ap shones, ap hne ;
 Put her was lye. Was naty pag, pe peld ;
 Was make her purn pelow, her, pove was cold,
 Was let her co ? py shon ap Morcans sole,
 Was no cod fashon put her shink in bele.*

This brazen mortar-peece, within the cage,
 Enough to fire a Town, bites in her rage ;
 Yet she could gnaw the grates. At what he said
 Is no whit mov'd ; but laugh'd : being not afraid
 Of whip, nor halter. When sh'ad chav'd her tongue,
 Her humors dropt upon't. She sings a song.

A S O N G.

1. *Though lovers be in prison cast
 Or cag'd like birds, our pleasures last,
 To dresse delights, a pleasing Theme :
 Which fools ne'er know but in a dream.
 Fala, falare, fala fale ;
 Tandan, tandare, tandan tandee.*
2. *What though we chatter in the cold ?
 One night cut peece meal, brings in gold
 To charm the lock ; then we will flee
 Beyond the Welshmans Pedigree.
 Fala, &c.*

3. *If Windbound troubles, grievings move,
We'll drown 'em in a draught of love :
And Candie ev'ry lovers kisse,
To purchase magazins of blisse.
Fala &c.*
4. *The prick-song warblers of the Spring,
Our pleasing strains in Winter sing :
While dull breath'd fancies whine and play
Sad lachrymæ and Weladay.
Fala &c.*
5. *Let gold-worms mortgage ease and mirth,
To rob the bowels of the Earth :
Their Spawns will sacrifice, and cast
Those drugs to Venus at the last.
Fala &c.*
6. *Conserving joyes, We feel and see,
As Schedules of a jubilee ;
Make Stoicks Dumb, our Courtlike playes,
With silken credit guile our joyes.
Fala &c.*
7. *Imp't, lured by the noble race :
Let Clowns that play at prison base
Be mockt from pleasures : sence will find
Though Cupid be, we are not blind.
Fala &c.*

8 Fair day-light courts, as black hair'd night,
 Our private hand-maid to delight.
 Though we are tax'd, our love is free :
 And that's the Subject's libertie.
 Fala &c.

The drowfie Lethargie ! which makes men crye,
 Yet, Juggles laughter out, before they dye. *moral.*
 Sinners have running gout ; though they rejoice,
 Their tone is like the hateful scritch-owls voice,
 Prefaging death. Their language doth foretell
 The doleful sounding of the passing bell
 Rings pleasures to the grave. Their ill-got gain,
 Like Traitors bribing death, whose monstrous stain
 Age cannot eat away. Their conscience sits,
 As Judge and jury : while their dear-length wits
 Are charg'd with treason. All their senses chain'd ;
 As thieves before a Sessions are arrain'd
 By one another : those that there are cast,
 Receive their doom, before the've sentence past.

As Damnees in half-starv'd Garrisons, are beat,
 To drown complaints, when children cry for meat.
 Their lusts raise tumults, reason to controul :
 Or parling cheat the hunger-starv'd soul
 With fond relief. As slaves their freedom sell
 To tug with Charn's oars themselves to Hell.
 And as they row, they spie upon the way
 Their sins by day-light, march in battel-ray.

Where wrath's in commons, they arrive at night.
 Black vengeance, feed, sequesters saucy light.

SECT.

SECT. XV.

*A Taylors shred pluck't out of Hell
Is trim'd, a Monkey loves her well.
She's free to all; the Monkey frets;
Her open shop : whom in she lets
Are lost. But one whose nose is sunk
Gets much in favour With this punk.
Conceit of want doth make her swoond;
The gold all gone, they change their ground.*

O This a busie night ! who, who comes here ?
A shred pluck't out of Hell ! Can shreds appear
In shape so like a woman, charming men ?
Yes, and bewitch them too, till Hell agen
Doth close upon her. Now 'tis open, hush :
How came her Carcase to be wrap't in plush ?
She chop't for broken peeces, (being free)
The serving-man gave no such Liverie.
Perhaps the flower that fore-runs the Spring,
For quick commodities might change the thing.
'Twas Mistress Maudlins gown : when she was fry'd
For *Morbus Gallicus*, she did divide
Her clothes about in parcels : this was cast
On her at t'a Baudy-house where she dwelt last.
A Monkey bred beyond Sea, full of lust,
Found out this Apish shred : alas ! he must

Needs

Needs couple with her : married they must be :
 The forrein Beast is ty'd to miserie :
 For when he had fulfill'd his foul desire,
 The home-born'd Ape grew common : and her fire
 Sparkles into a flame : Who will, may have
 This Hell, his Bier, to carr' him to his grave.

Her fulnesse made her worse. She bends her will
 To taste and relish every thing that's ill.
 When he perceiv'd his fate, thus he began
 To breath his meaning somewhat like a man.

What have I done ? How fatal was my birth !
 I've travell'd far to seek a Hell on Earth :
 Which I have found too soon. But ah ! 'tis fit
 That punishment with grief should teach me wit.

Did I redeem thee from a house of sin
 To make thee honest ? and dost thou begin
 To treble up thy shame ? Thou wantst for nought.
 I sold my self too cheap : but I have bought
 My crosse too dear. Hell is not eas'ly drawn
 (Unless a man will lay his hopes to pawn)
 To promise pleasure. I am laid at stake
 For shame and sorrow. How my heart doth ake !

She hearing this, reply'd : Pray blame not me :
 It was your fault to seek for misery.
 I did not think but that you would consent
 That I might pleasure friends : you have content :
 You have your times ; the choice of all my store.
 What harm is't then if I can pleasure more ?
 You know what house I liv'd in : Did you think
 To have me free from sin ? Did you but wink

We might agree : If you'd have had me cleer,
 You'd not have come to such a house ; for there
 We are season'd to't. I cannot leave it now :
 I'll venture all I have, if you'll allow
 That I might have return, from *French*, and *Dutch*,
 With *Engliſh* too, that you may do as much.
 That will be *quid* for *quo* : thou knowſt my mind ;
 Come, little Monkey , every Beſt in's kind.

With that he ſteer'd away, and fear'd no weather ;
 But with more ſhame then ever he came hither.

Now, come, my Customers ; for I'll be free
 Of what I have. I'm ſet at libertie. *free Trades*

She's ſuch an active Whore, to all that come,
 As if ſh'had learn'd it in her mothers wombe.
 She wears out one ; another, he is loſt ;
 A third's conſum'd ; ſhe jeers him for his coſt.
 Then meeting with a ſhiſter, who of late
 Maintain'd a naſtie Whore, till his eſtate
 Was ſunk much like his noſe : and ſhe had bin
 Under the laſh to ſuffer for her ſin,
 Indicted, and arraign'd ; and then ſhe ſell
 To tune aloud the fourth part of Hell.

He being ſlig'd again , he chatters out
 Like to a rook in Spring : and flies about
 To find a place to build in ; where he brings
 His new-found Whore, whoſe taile is full of ſtings.
 But there the neſt is made, till he had ſpent
 His preſent ſtock, beſides what to him lent.
 And now this Ape's grown ſullen ; ſhe's not well :
 What, nor a place, nor lands, nor goods to ſell ?

I want a petti-coat, a bagge, a jewel,
Another thing or two. Such beasts are cruel.

He pitty'd her, and answer'd with a smile,
Thou shalt have those; but thou must stay a while:
I've such a thing to sell: I know not how
To sell't but with great losse, as times go now.

He going forth, she drops down to the ground;
Dissemblingly she falls into a swoond: *a swoond.*

And being taken up, she hangs her head;
Hold's in her breath, as if she had been dead:
Closing her eyes, and slobbering out her tongue:
'T had been some hope on't, had she been so long.
Her neck like Tyburns blossoms had been, if
It had been long enough, or half so stiffe.

But her's was plyable, to turn about,
Forward, or backward; all might find it out
That 'twas but fained. She was throughly vex't
'T was done no neater: but she'l mend the next.

He hearing of her fall, came in again; *his coming.*
And when she was reviv'd, she did complain:
Ah, ah! unkindnesse! Ah! 't will break my heart!
Alas, I love too much! the more's my smart.
Unkindnesse kills me. Oh! my heart is broke!
She drop't down tears like charms. Then thus he spoke:

What, should I be undone? would's't have me strive
(To humour thee) to dig my grave alive?
Thou hast bewitch't me. What he spoke was true.
The Jade had her desire. Sh'was trim'd anew.

Within a little time. The Land was sold:
They laid it on a while, until the gold

Was

Was sent from whence it came : then with a jest
 She cast him off, as she had done the rest.
 She's taken up and coach't unto the bath :
 But still she's follow'd with a cloud of wrath.
 How she did truck in common, with what men ;
 Perhaps I'll tell you, when she comes agen.

SECT. XVI.

*One vampt With plush, lives not in awe ;
 Is found a Letcher at the Law.
 A married man ; four Queens he'll have :
 One very young, one tall, and brave ;
 The third for wit : the fourth she must
 Be full of stusse to flake his lust ;
 They live apart, for each his wife :
 One with his worship fals to strife.*

WHen in my search Queen *Phœbe* cast a blush,
 I turn'd aside and saw a thing in plush,
 As black as *Hell* : his lust was in the prime :
 He had a Gown (too long) did hide his crime.
 His wit was put to Nurse ; his face was blew,
 And all his upper parts were vamp't anew.
 His garbidge kept him moist, because his taile
 Was lately bottom'd. Till his purse doth faile
 He'll wear a Ruffe, a full-crown'd Beaver-hat :
 Loves he the Law or no ? guesse you by that.

He'll give you words, as good as gold can make;
 Give him his way, advice he will not take.
 He's wise enough for Hell, pray let him stand :
 His practise of delight lies underhand.
 He's often distant from his native place ;
 I'll shew the Cels he hants, then judge the case.

His wife and children in the Countrey bee ;
 They hardly will beleve (nor can they see)
 What Hell doth daily venture on his side ;
 Nor how he bought a Whore ; sweet *Miltris Bride*
 She must be call'd : He doth consume his 'state
 To keep her to himself at any rate.
 She's young and fresh, her hair brown, like a berry,
 And full of mirth to make his worship merry.

A second he must have, that's full of wit ;
 She gives him great content : for that is it
 That he stands most in need of. She is thin,
 Small, low, and active, with a milk-white skin.

The third that he doth chuse is very tall ;
 Well joyn'd, upright, her fingers long and small,
 With yellow hair, her eyes being full and gray,
 With cherry cheeks : This modest *Quean* will stay
 Her turn and never grumble. But the next ,
 If he but break his day, she's shrewdly vext.

She's very fleshly minded ; full of stufte,
 With greasie brawny limbs, and tongue enough
 To raile him to her self : as free from fear
 As honesty : but not from — stand clear.

He visits them with papers in his hand,
 As though he came to state them in his land.

He spends his time, his substance, and his life :
And every one of these goes for his Wife.

He takes a part, for every one a Room,
Maintains them at his cost, and he's the Groom
To each of them by turns. When he would have
A laughing bout, the pleasant Wench he'll crave.

When he would hear new fancies, then he'll dwell
With her that with her shame ha's wit to sell.

When he to sin with silence has desire,
The tallest bashfulst Whore must quench his fire :
But at Spring-tides, his lusts swell high : then she
That's full of stuffe shall have his companie.
Although a part their seiz'd, they do forecast
With joint consent to help him to his last.

One of his Tibs, full of the lustfull itch,
Did kick and bite ; I need not tell you which.
He staid away too long ; nor could she have
What she desir'd : Though silence he did crave
It could not be obtain'd. They fell to strife
Till 't was perceiv'd they were not man and wife.
They're hift away from thence : But then her mother
Does prove their baud, the whisking is their brother.

But tell him if you durst : What Law affords,
Or violence, to make you eat your words,
Shall not be wanting. But the common fame
Is mounted up to blaze their sin and shame.
The several Nests are found : now he must be
Purg'd by the Law. But ah ! the miserie
Is not bewail'd : No means can give redresse
T' a man that's morgag'd to his wickednesse.

He

H 3

He

He keeps his truce with Hell. He doth bereave
Himself of hopes : till Devils give him leave
He cannot change his course : or till grim death,
Age, want, or sicknesse doth attach his breath.

Had he so many souls, as many lives.
As he hath Whores, for his supposed Wives,
He'd venture all : but is not one too much
To lie at hazard for a World of such ?

Thou common vassal ! what dost mean to do ?
Thy various sins, breed several Torments too.
Thou canst not live here ever : thou must have
To end delights, a prison and a grave.
Y'ave change of rooms for death, being dead alive :
One room in Hell may eas'ly hold all five.
Though sin remains there still, there's no delight :
Souls dwell with horroure and eternal night.

But where's the scurf of age, that is so vilde
To turn a Baud ? and offer Hell her childe
Upon such easie terms ? I would not ask,
But that she has performed such a Task,
That Hell seems innocent. What did she hatch
A brat for living shame ? then make the match ?
Her sense, her nature she doth now controul,
To give the body life, to damn the soul.
Her shame is dy'd in grain : why write I thus ?
She's fit for nothing but an *Incubus*.

There is a Pander too ; I'd call him in,
But that he is so overgrown with sin ;
Being made an Officer, his humours swell ;
He'l curse and swear the devils out of hell.

His counsel cost him nought : his sisters man ;
Call him but so, he'l swear but by her fan.
I cannot talk with him, he doth so stink ;
Being parboild twice, and overcharg'd with drink.
I'll leave you altogether, till my Pen
Be sharper set, and then I'll write agen.
If I should shew her wit, how she will vaper,
'T would steal away my time, besides a sheet of paper.
Her outside now, shall satisfie my rime ;
I'll blaze her inside at another time.
Look where she is, and view her in the light :
Now I'll be silent, lest I shame her quite.

S E C T.

SECT. XVII.

*A young mans vision, furies rise,
 His mothers ghost, her words, his eyes
 Disclose his grief: Into the fire
 They thrust his soule, the sinners heire:
 His soul returns, his mothers train,
 And whiter Devils come again:
 Some pull, some call, he found his tongue;
 He was releas'd, but 'twas not long.
 A Devil grave, fain'd love exprest,
 More wantonsome then all the rest.
 Plaid, sung, and danc'd; while he did pray
 The evil spirits flunk away.*

WHen through contempt and wilfulnesse to sin
 Man forfeited the day, he did begin
 To side with darknesse: and to Hell he'd creep,
 Unheard, unseen, when Conscience was asleep.
 She leaves the charge to *Cerberus*; made no stay,
 But sends out strength to meet him in the way.
 Who marching on, desired sinful leasure;
 Because the way was sweet, and full of pleasure.
 But lusting mischief ever comes too soon,
 Unlook't for, in the morning; if at noon,
 'Tis conceal'd to the minde; or if at night,
 'Tis most unthought of. He should take delight

To reckon wellspent-time. But as he stands
Expecting rest, as purchas'd by his hands,
Death strains his senses. Ah ! he must submit
To Deaths pale Tenant ; where the hungry pit
Will keep him Prisoner. But I must indite
A Scen of dolour. Hell's broke loose to night.

He that neglects his Watch, will find too late
Terrors and feinds, assuming pomp and state,
With Furies waiting on them. Passing by *Furies.*
A hollow Cave, I heard a hideous cry :
Come, lets divide the spoile ; his bones are thine :
Betwixt you part his flesh, his soul is mine.

A masculine being past the third degree,
And into manhood enter'd now is hee,
Yet never liv'd, unlesse it were to sin ;
Being frighted from himself, he'l now begin
To change his course. If this black storme were past
Which Hell hath rais'd ; to Heaven now at last,
He'd consecrate himself. The night, being dark,
It cannot hide his grief : Hell light's a spark
To blaze his crime in colours. First, there came
His mothers Ghost, to gender fear and shame *the Ghost.*
Within his breast : and threatning him, she said ;

Ah ! thou art lost ! how often have I stay'd
Thee from thy ruine ? Worse, and worse thou art ;
I was thy mother once : e're we did part
I begg'd thy change with tears : but I was cross'd
In my desire. Turn, turn, or thou art lost.

And many other spirits with consent,
Did beckn from above ; then out they went :

To

But!

But fear came in the more ; for there he saw
 A troop of deadly fiends, who strove to draw
 (As they were gaping on the fiery brim)
 Him to the furious lake, or that to him.
 (But, *Species sine visu*) he believ'd
 His torment was begun ; and still he griev'd ;
 Which made his wound more wide : his loathed bed
 Helps not his quaking limbs : his heavie head
 Hardens the gentle feathers : and his tears
 Did onely shew, not mitigate his fears.

Then came the fiends, and snatcht his soul away,
 Making a triumph : soon they cast their prey
 (As he conceiv'd) into a Vault of fire ;
 Thrust it with forks. This is the Sinners hire.
 Then to the Bed, a Fury brings a Bier,
 To lay his corps upon : and now his fear
 Hath made him speechless : but his sense remains,
 To fold up sorrow. Who can judge what pains
Hell gives in earnest ! But the hardned sinner
 Knows what *hell* is : for he was the beginner
 Of Discord in the World ; and he shall have
 A bed of sorrow, lower then the grave.

I must not stray too much : my feeble Pen
 Must give account (his soul being come agen)
 Of what the issue was. In this distresse
 He water'd his pale-earth. Groans did expresse
 The horror of his minde : he spi'd again
 His mother all in white ; with her a train
 Of Saint-like figures, pointing down to'ards *hell* ;
 Then heaven-ward : he mus'd, but could not tell

What

What speech they us'd. Of gleams they had a shroud:
 With *verba sine voce*, in a cloud,
 They vanish'd all away. But there remain'd
 The horrid Vision, which from hell was strain'd
 With strange deformities. A Fury call'd
 Upon him strangely: other would have hall'd
 Him from his wat'ry couch: Fear made him strong,
 And home-born danger help him to his tongue.

Thus he in anguish said:

*Ye Friends of darkness! What have you to do
 With me that am redeem'd? you shall not woo
 My soul with your enchantments, to embrace
 The motions drawn in hell. Although my case
 Is much to be lamented, I am free
 For mercy, as the rest of sinners be.
 This Book (the Book of God) may end the strife;
 My name is written in the Book of Life.
 Nor shall your power remove me: I am set
 To keep possession here: and all my debt
 Is paid by him that gave himself to death,
 That I might live. From him I draw my breath.
 Depart, ye damned spirits: I have cast
 Myself for sin. I've griev'd for what is past.*

Thus said, they quit the room. With that he rais'd
 His feeble joints; and in his heart he prais'd
 Him that had bought his Freedom. But he spid
 As he went down, once more, his mother tid

(But not from motion) in her winding-sheet,
 He thought to gain his freedom in the street,
 But could not find the key within the door :
 Being frighted worse, then he was before,
 With lamentable voice he did begin
 To call for help ; and then the key was in,
 By which he was discharg'd. And now he will
 Take notice of his wayes to shun the ill.

Now, like a Hart freed from the hungry hounds,
 Which woon his life by swiftnesse, keeps his bounds
 Among the horned heard : he never goes
 At random by himself, for fear his foes
 Should sent him, bring him to the bloody knife ;
 To dine with Corn he will not pawn his life.
 So, he escap't from Hell-hounds, cannot be
 Contented by himself : good companie
 Is that which he desires : what was amisse
 He'l mend, as knowing 't was the cause of this.

Alas, I have not done ! You must excuse
 My wandering *Genius* : for my bashful Muse
 Did never see a Ghost. Pray tell me how
 Her Songs may rise to that ne'r's sung while now.

His spirits being settled, home he came,
 And brought a Friend ; believing fear and shame
 Were banish't from the Earth : but when his head
 Was laid upon the Pillow, then the Bed
 Seem'd overcharged with the sinful weight :
 The walking Devils laid another baite
 To snare his soul. A Messenger from Hell
 (In his appearance grave) began to tell

What

What favours he would do him : he should find
His words all true , if he would frame his mind
To keep him company. Then he begins
To reckon up in order all his sins.
And fal'd them to the curse : Still when he spoke
Hell gave a vent, from whence there came a smoke.

His courage like to armour made of steel ,
Turn'd back th'assault. What horror he did feel
Was secret to himself. He would not make
His Bed-fellow afraid ; yet he doth take
Th'advantage to reply : And thus he said ;

Thy message is from *Hell* ; I'm not dismay'd :
I'll have no aid from thee. Do, do thy worst, *arguments.*
I will not lose my hope : 'cause thou art curst,
Thou'lt make me so. My sinful soul was bought
From *Hell* with stripes ; I by the Truth am taught
To wait for grace ; believe, repent, and pray ;
Man by despairing gives himself away.
Thy plots are vain. Thou cursed Fiend, be gone :
I am a child of promise, thou art none.
Thou go'lt but under bail : Thou'lt shortly be
Imprison'd to eternal miserie.

When he had done his speech, he did perceive
Th'Embassadour of *Hell* had took his leave.

But e're sweet Slumber had his eyes posselt
Or bridled up his thoughts, to silent rest,
Hell sounds again : but with a smother Theame ;
(She thought to take him swimming down the streame.)
Of *Heroes*, *Nymphs*, and *Fairies*, in came store
(Not shap't like Fiends and Furies, as before)

What

With

With wanton postures, and with whorish tire,
 Unfav'ry speeches, stirring foul desire
 In all their gestures. Some with lustful singing
 Striv'd to enchant him, while their Lutes were stringing.
 Then in a Consort, when their Lutes were strung.
 Naked about his bed they plaid and sang.
 Dancing with nimble measures, seeming fair,
 And in their motions they excell'd the air

*Wanton
devils.*

But hell's befool'd again : for now his dust
 Is drid'd, and cool'd with grief : and all his Lust
 Is to be freed from shame. Truths common so
 May well be fool'd, when hell is foiled so.

*Hell
fool'd.*

These words he utter'd with an inward voice :
*You shew me what I was (I've chang'd my choice)
 Not what I am. Away, ye baggs ! your spell
 Is but damnation varnish'd : for in hell
 There's no such musick : Trebles give no grace :
 Their tunes are howling discords from the Base.
 My musick shall be praise (which I intend
 To sing in heaven) that shall never end.*

Hell has her own again, with labour lost ;
 And all her Factors are as often crost.
 They misse their ends ; their prey keeps off too long ;
 Or if they take it soon, it proves too strong.
 Nor can they well be rid on't : for the crie
 Calls help from heaven ; so the takers die.
 Who can expresse the torment he endur'd !
 The passion of his minde being somewhat cur'd,
 He with his Bed-fellow did quit the room ;
 Who was half dead with fear. They thought their Toom
 Had

Had been erected there. Now out they creep,
Both in a trance : as men which from the deep
Half drown'd are brought to shore ; who musing then
Will breathe half words ; then stop, and muse agen.
But having gain'd their sense, strength gaining time,
Their stomachs cleansed from the watry slime,
They'll tell you of the shipwrack, how it past ;
And of the storm, how they escap'd at last :
Just so these tired Partners do begin
(Partners in punishment, but not in sin)
To breathe their woes in parts : they make their moans
In words, then sighs ; but make it up in groans.
But having felt their footing, they will tell
What they escap'd ; how near they were to *hell*.

Man sins, then suffers ; sorrow, mixt with fears ;
Shame leaves him naked in the vale of tears.
He sowes disgrace, which ganders unto strife,
And runs th'row grief with cost to lose his life.
Hell joyns with *heaven* to revenge a sin :
When she falls foul upon us, we begin
To feel the storms of wrath : and then we cry
Help, Lord, we sink alive. But by and by
(The tempest being calm'd) we do repent
Of our Repentance. Then we give consent
To what we did deny : and at the last
We do renew the score for what is past.

The devils trace the earth ; and where they finde
A Patentee for Lust ; as he's enclin'd,
So they can bait the snare. They take up shapes,
With change of habit : as his fancy gapes,

He

Toom
Had

He's humor'd for a time. They are not men,
Nor women that are dead, that come agen ;
But Devils in their likenesse, to invite
The heedlesse sinner to eternal night.
Or looking home, they with despairing fits,
Shake him from his beleeving and his wits.
Were they not chain'd, they'd take up all for strays,
To trap our souls they have a thousand wayes.
I rais'd not Fiends, to drive you to a fright ;
The're of my Theme, because they walk by night.

S E C.

S E C T. XVIII.

*A meeting, and a costly Feast,
The Meat, and sitting of each guest,
Their Wines, their curiage, Healths among,
They drowne their soules, Pimp-Minors sang.*

Night sits enthron'd in State, to seise a prize,
In darkeſt robes, whoſe objects blind our eyes.
She cloth'd the Clouds in black, and did upbraid
Bright Cynthia's geſture, cauſe ſhe was a Maide.
She arch'd her ſcreens with Jett; the virgin Queen
Could neither overlook, nor look between.

Thus coſtly cloie, my Muſe began to call
A Poet up, to write her Funerall.

Fancies.

All humours ſhe doth cheriſh with her breath,
She's both of a tipe of Hell, and Nurſe of death:
So, black with Envie, and being ſwell'd with pride
Did ſhrowd the Starres in Cipreſſe; and devy'd
Her *tempus* in the middle: half her ſtore
Was left behind, half poſted on before.
She ad put the Spies in priſon: gentle reſt
Had flatter'd ſome to ſilence; others preſt
To hide their ſhame with ſinne, among the crowd
Some ſuck't in poiſon, but I am not allow'd
Freſh garments from the Skye. I'm paund in birth
To ſhew ſuch Feaſtings, ſeldome ſeen on Earth.

I do invite my Readers (pray come near)
As lookers on, take heed, taſte not the Chear.

I

Thoſe

Those that are gueits, love darknesse; and do dwell
Or neer unto, or else belong to hell.

The time's most fit, 'tis midnight; and the place
Was used for burnt sacrifice; the grace
Dropt from a Bawd, who did invite the gueits,
The bank did pay the charge of both the feasts. *the*
They sit in order: they that took their heats, *order of*
And temper most from hell, had the chief seats. *sitting.*

The Bawd being old, and constant, and no walter,
Serv'd fourscore yeers, and never hang'd her master:
She'as done good service, laying still her gins
To draw them to, then snare 'em in their sins.
The major vore is, she must sit above;
And next to her, the Haxter and his Love:
He rob'd before mens faces in the feild;
She cut the throats of those that would not yeeld.

The common whore sits on the other side,
Next to her Mitresse: she has nere deny'd
A motion, or an order from the Devil,
To p'ead for sin, and tempting men to evil.
The private Whore sits by her, and she saith
She never scor'd upon the publick Faith.
Her Pimp sits next her, who did still devise
New tricks to fetch her out, for studying lies.
He did exceed the rest, to manage it,
They say he has a Magazine of wit.
The Pander for his subtiltie, and pride,
Sits equall with him on the other side.
The sheife fate close by him, the Out-purse Jade
Sat over-right, that drove a double trade

With

With men and beasts, the Prodigall (their friend)
His money's spent, and now the lower end
Must serve his turn to night : when he for love
Renues his pockets, he shall sit above.

The Constable came in that us'd (you know)
To search above, and leave the watch below.
The outworn Letcher, and the drunken Gull
Sate down together : now the table's full.

Above they had varieties of meate,
Some standing dishes, but not good to eate. *choice of*
They'ad Oysters pickl'd and the best Lavere *meats.*
Anchoves Woodcocks (which was daintie cheare)
whose brains did make them sawce, with ambergreece
And Munima of Mans flesh which cost a peece.
With divers other dishes from the fire,
Where Nature mixt with art, to breed desire.

For those below, that could but Pimp and steal,
Had Butchers meat, Ramme, Mutton, Hog, and veal.
No second course ; nor did these sordid Elves
Desire fowl : For they were foul themselves,
Yet they had tongues and harts, dried, slic't and cold,
With severall sorts of wine, but some did hold
That Viper-wine was best. Some lov'd the Red,
Being likeliest blood ; some that the Dragon bred
And bears his name, all lov'd it mixt with sin :
They'ad healths, and some diseased souls put in.

Now, in their midst of Mirth, they drink the round,
They may be bold upon the Divills ground,
Where ev'ry one must freely drink his bowl ;
And he that cannot swear away his soul,

And drink his reason drie, and play the beast,
 Shall nee be bid to such a gallant Feast.
 Before they rose (though sitting over long)
 Pimp Minor came, and he will sing a song.

My song shall relate, what pleasure and state
 What mirth, and contentments are in love,
 The world is at at rest, now how we are blest.
 No sorrow can make us remove.

In love we do agree, *Pimp Minors*
 And who so merrie as we. *Song.*

Black night is our Bawd; and Fates do applaud
 Our happinesse: Heavens consent,
 To mask up the Moone, least comming too
 Prove treacherous to our content. (soone
 Our pleasures do all agree.
 And who so merrie as we?

This delicate Feast, and every guest
 Still praised shall be with Delight:
 Ther's nothing but day, can fright us away:
 Let's honour the Goddesse of night,
 That doth with us agree.
 And who are merrie but we?

The searcher's asleep, nor durst he once peep
 To backbite our Revells; agen,
 If the Rimer should write of our meeting to
 Wee'l vow to sequester his pen.

(night
 Wick

With us hee'l not agree
But who so merrie as we.?

What need we to fear? the Constable is heere :
Pale Envy is laid in her grave;
Our drinkings breed health, & pleasures bring wealth
And Joyes are the clothing we crave.
With laughing all agree.
Oh none so merrie as we.

Wee'l reap our desire, when love is on fire,
and taste of the pleasant dithes;
What happinesse can, be more to man
Then to embrace his wishes?
Our love do thus agree,
And who so merry as we?

The scraps which we leave, let watchmen receive,
When Brokers have coled out the best,
Now give me a Cup, and lye drink it all up,
And the Divill shall have the rest.
Who doth with us agree,
Then who so merrie as we?

When they had laugh'd at this, some drunk, asleepe,
Fell on the ground : and some began to creep
In private Corners, others fell to play,
Some to their plots ; while others stole away
The neighbours goods, but ere this horrid meeting
Was broken up, they had a dolefull greeting.

Now like a herd fast by a River side,
 Had eate their Commons bare, but having spy'd
 Fresh quarters ore the water, they begin
 To strive by force which shall go foremost in.
 And enter first the sev'ral: as they swim
 The proud curl'd waves assault them, every limbe
 Is shaken with their fury, some do sink,
 Some beaten out of life upon the brink.
 The rest the fireames leave prisoners in a Lake,
 Where death must set them free, none of them take,
 Possession of the Pasture. So, do these,
 Swim down the tide of lusts, although they please
 Their humors for a time, at last the shore
 Receives them breathlesse. *Charon* sculls them ore
 Into the land of everlasting night.
 Nor Sun, nor Moon shall vex'em with their Light.
 Guilt, shame and tears will mingle with their sins.
 This Feasting's done, the divells Feast begins.

SECT. XIX.

*The Night doth quarrell with the Moon,
 The Divills feasting comes too soon;
 How all was drest, their staying long,
 Before they part they have a song.
 The Whirlwinds, stench, the furious rent,
 Made through the earth, which way they went.*

BEfore bright *Phebe* did begin to sleep
 Her shining body in the Atlantick deep,

Or entred Latmos Palace, where she us'd
To sleep with her *Endymion*; or refus'd
To chaine her whiter bindes, her clearer eye
Look t through the sarnet vail, and did discry
The folly of the Goddesse Night, who did
Defend the fowls of prey, she'd have them hid.
And spits ill language at the Moon, and looks
Black in the face with pride. Her secret books
Are seald with pitch, as black as her aparrell;
Her rage breaks out; thus she begins to quarrell.

Thou upstart, to Antiquitie a Fo. *Nights*
I am no light huswife; but Ile prove thee so. *railing*
Go, go, thou Changeling, vex me not: must I
Be subject to thy Check? must thy fond eye
Be made the overseer of my trade,
That had my birth before the World was made,
And rul'd alone? and but for thee still might,
I change not colour: for my nam's black night.
I can do nothing private, now, but you
Must ride above in state, and take a view.
Of all my plots, as other Round-heads do,
Sometimes yo' are like a Round-head slit in two:
Sometimes yo' are drest with horns upon your head,
Coming from *Sols* or from *Endymions* bed,
Yo' are big with childe; & looking pale yo' are sham'd;
Being loth to have it known, or have it nam'd,
You travell in the sea: and then you smother.
The babe (tis thought) least he should peach the
That must be call'd a virgin, you in rage (mother
Turn men to beasts, and make an hour an Age,

Bald time Eternall. As your humours swell,
The Seas must ebb and flow; if I should tell
All that I know, 'twould keep you from the Feast,
Drive down your Charret, quickly, to the West.

She blushing glanc't away. And now the cheer
Is making ready, that must cost so deare.

Here are no Sheriffs, nor hinch Boyes, nor no Maior,
Nor no Church-warden, nor none seeming faire.
Forbidding *J. huson's* guests, both all, and some,
Except the Jaylor, and the Sergeant come. (*forbidden*
Those that are hard and season'd in their evill, *guests.*
Will make the fittest Messes for the Devill.

Nor did the time agree; for 'twas at Noone,
And this by night, who rai'd away the Moone.

The Divell being invited by a sinner,
Had rather come to supper then to dinner:
For then his work is done Nor did his haste
Shew any stomack, he but came to taste.
And here he came unlook't for. Heare the cries;
He came but thither Choach't, but here he flies.
He was invited by the Cook, and had
His man to dresse his Meat; but good, or bad,
He do's it here himselve. The place is fit:
A vault, where soules do sink for want of wit.

What hideous noyse is this? what brimston smell?
What sparkling flames are these? their'e guests from
In severall postures. Dreadfull stormes arise, (Hell,
Which dumbs the tongue, and deaffes the eares, the
Are dispossit. Strange feares possesse the hearts, (eyes
With dreadfull horror in the inward parts.

Of all the former Feasters, none can hold
 For furious burning ; yet they shake with cold.
 The Prince of darknesse, seizeth on his prey,
 Divides the spoyles, and peece-meale he doth lay
 His choicest bits in order : some he boyl'd,
 And made him broth, and other some he broil'd.
 The bawd he stew'd, because she was so tough.
 The common Trull, before sh^e was boyl'd enough
 He snapt her up ; because his stomack ak't :
 The haxter and his litter, hardly bak't, *his fare.*
 Was chop't in after : rotten roasted Pimp
 Was swallow'd in ; and next the parboil'd Imp ;
 From whom he gravie squei'd : which scall'd his
 The Pander lying at the fire long (tongue ;
 Was dry'd away : whereat the Divell vext ;
 And swore by Hell, what ere he met with next
 He'd make no bones on't. With his griping claw
 He tore the Cutpurse, and he eats him raw.

A bone (being greedie) in his stomack sticks :
 And he perceiving, that the bloody flix
 Was like to take him ; boyl'd into a Jelly
 The Prodigall, to ease his rumbling bellie.
 To stay the flux, the gull was neatly fry'd ;
 The lecher gum'd, being finely cut and dry'd,
 Was whist away in smoak : the smoking Cell
 Is found on Earth ; 'twas us'd to be in Hell. *The smoke.*
 The Officer escap't, this once, ('twas late)
 For he may turne Informer to the State,
 And find out such Delinquents. If he can
 Ile have him put in Print, a gallant man !

But

Of

But this unwelcome guest, grown full, he groans,
 To broil the marrow out, he burnt the bones. *Bones*
 His train must eat the scraps, though he begins; *burnt*
 The sawce was all brains, livers, hearts, and lins.
 Their drink was bloud, but from the buttrie hatch
 A little divill sprung, who sings a Catch.

Never were Angels entertain'd *the devils*
 As we have bin, to swell with mirth: *song*
 Wee'le break the Gaole where we were chaind
 To lick up the hony and Cream of the earth.
 with hay down down, &c.

This Castle, and the fare we found
 Have pleas'd our princely humors well,
 Lust leavens blood, theft tears the ground,
 To make us free trading 'twixt earthworms
 with hay down, &c. (and hell.

The scandalous priest, that lives at ease
 Who studies earth, and sucks her store,
 His state he spends his lusts to please,
 And a hundred a year to furnish his whore.
 with hay down, &c.

I like the cunning cutpurse Jade,
 That beaeth twins of sin; if she
 Be question'd for her theiving trade,
 She'l swear he'd have ravish'd her, or twas her fee
 with hay down, &c.

That

That gallant wench that lies at stake,
 To seize a prey, her Pimp made bold,
 Must quarrell with him, for her sake,
 She'l hug him, to save him, then pilfer his gold
 with hay down, &c.

Our noble freind that keeps his Pincks,
 Steals, pawns, and sells by common vote;
 And if his wife with sorrow sinks,
 He'l starve her, or kick her, or els cut her throat,
 with hay down, &c.

Take pleasure, fear not sin, nor shame,
 You babes of Night, flye from despair:
 Joy, wealth, and praise, shall guard his name,
 Who honors *Diaboli* prince of the Aire.
 with hay down, &c.

Then having finisht all; a whirlwind rose;
 The hel-bred furies did begin to close *the passage*
 Divisions ranks, and files, and with a wound,
 They forc'd a passage through the trembling ground:
 But left a blaste behind, resolves the doubts,
 That you'd beleeeve that hell lies thereabouts.

Are sinners torment proof, that they do take
 Delight in their undoing? who can make *Morall.*
 The angrie Heavens smile? or gaping hell
 Take bribes for souls, when luts like Seas do swell
 Beyond all bounds? where furious winds do cast
 Those stragling torments, till they run their last:
 Which

Which thirsty earth drinks up, or angry time,
For their assault converts them into slime.

So Mortalls do, passe reasons rules, and please
Their senses, till a writ of little ease
Be sent from heaven, then their heart misgives,
Whose mirth one day, whose torment ever lives.
Earth drinks their joyes alive: and hell receives
The slime at last, the trees, the fruit, and leaves.
Are fit for fire, or like the fox, whose prey
Is stole at night, but eaten in the day.

This theife is so gentle. he makes his den
A Poulters shop. A Rabbit, and a hen
Lye by his side: and at his back a goose;
So thrives a while, at last the doggs get loose,
And catch the craftie fox, his flesh is tore,
His plots are are spoyld: his Cribidge stole before,
Now thinks for want of eating, Ah! me thinks,
Here's meate, sharp sauce, and yet my subject thinks,
For want of seasoning, being peece-meal cut,
Into the Divells Lardar they are put.
Who plaies the *Caniball*: and still he strives
With black reproach to crown their dying lives.

SECT.

S E C T. X X.

To share their bounties, three Beggars meet,
 One stunk ere while, but now made sweet.
 The second passe, the third d'istresse,
 Their begging tongue is not compleat:
 The Rules to begg, on what they feed;
 Their Trade and triumph, how agreed,
 From all oppressions they are free,
 How merry they at parting be.

I Walk'd alone, my brain on Fancies fed,
 The man i'th' Moone being newly gone to bed,
 My light was all confin'd within my brest,
 My cares were open, forward, still I prest,
 Till at the last I sp'd a glimmering shine,
 And heard a voyce, which made my Muse incline
 To tune her song anew. Three mandies did
 Divide their bounties: the matter should be hid.
 One had his night-cap brought him, and his Ruffe,
 His Gowne, clean Lynen; every thing enough
 To please his humour. He is very grave *Accommo-*
 His Leg's untid; his pleasure was to have *dations*
 His Crutches out of sight; he cleares his throat
 With butter'd-Ale, to help his begging note.

The others young, (a whipping bought his passe)
 Not borne a Beggar as the other was:
 He's chang'd from top to toe; he feels no smart
 His arme's restor'd, his sores were made by Art.
 But looking towards the right, I did espie
 A Doxie lately bottom'd, which did cry

Salvo

Salva the King of Beggars ! let the rest
 In bowling Kenadoes be ever blest !
 Then altogether they began to prate
 Of Citie builnesses, of Church, and State,
 Where they should beg to morrow, such a place
 Brings in most coine, the other gives more grace
 To our endeavours : Fleet-street shall be thine,
 Turn-ityle is his, the Temple-lane is mine.

'Tis late, they must divide what they have got,
 There's but a Mark betwixt them : but the Lot
 Fals double on the Seignor. I was fain
 To bring you both into a begging strain. *begging tones.*
 Yet, thou beg'st it out of turn ; nor canst thou cry
 With dolefull tones, to move the Passers by
 To draw their bounty. Thou shouldst shew thy sore
 To make their purses open : then our store
 Would be encreas'd. But *Tib* doth beg with grace,
 She'l howl out, 'save your Worship, make a face,
 To coyne a groat at once : She's young in years,
 But old in cunning ; her dissembling tears
 Will make a Usurer a peny spare,
 So in her prayers he may have a share.

There's not a day, if once I sit but down
 But is a Noble-day: alas, a Crown *daily gaines*
 Will hardly bear my charge ! a dish of meat
 Would cast one halt on't : many things I eat
 Which are not common : now and then I have
 A Pullet, and a Tart ; sometimes a Crave, *Fine fare.*
 A Pigeon-pye, a Woodcock, or a Goose,
 A Pig, a dish of Larks ; let me but loose,

I know what comforts age. Beefe is but course,
 Veal's waterish, mutton grosse, and Pork is worse,
 I cry and hold my Legg, some labouring gull
 Gives me a penny, when my purse is full.
 When he (perhaps) hath not a shilling left
 To keep himself. Then begging joyn'd with theft,
 There is no better Trade. I have excuse
 To save my money which I have at use,
 To keep my port, and credit to the last, his port, *his*
 When all my merrie begging dayes are past. *Port.*
 How ever all the day I seeme to men,
 When I come home, I am no begger then.
 What er'e I ask, I have for my delight,
 My Table's spread with meat, my bread is white.
 A fire, slippers, and a Cup of Ale,
 Good Wine, well suggar'd, with a merry tale,
 To cheat the slow pac't minutes : I am free
 From all suspition by my Eggerie. *the Beggers*
 Who'l seek for money in a Beggers house, *Triumph.*
 The Proverb is, there's nothing but a —
 Though I keep Fellons goods, I'm quit from shame,
 The harmlesse Beggar is both old and lame.

Come, let us share our bouns, thou must away,
 My enter'd Rogue ! ten groats shall be thy pay.
 My little Gill, thy subtle antique tricks *(staves)*
 Gaine foure shillings, I'll have the other six.
 This parting Cup shall drown all care and sorrow,
 Chuck thou art mine to night, and his to morrow.

As do the Snakes in Dunghills. bre'd, and thrive,
 And have their vents to keep their stinck alive, *Morall.*

So do this brood of vermine, baske all day
 To suck the spoyle; at night they part the prey.
 Those rotten Vassals, cannot chooſe but ſee
 They are the Drones which rob the painfull Bee.
 To all that's begging-baſe they are agree'd,
 They're fixter for the Hungry then for breed.
 They ſwarme like Catterpillars: none can ſtand
 Before their mouthes: they cover all the Land.
 They are the ſores of *England*, which do run
 Almost paſt cure. Alas they have begun
 To bring the body lowe! let luſty Knaves
 Be whipt to work, and hamper'd up for ſlaves.
 Let Bridewells joine to guard theſe begging whores
 Which breed like Mice, they are the greateſt ſores.
 The weak might then be kept, the blind and Lame
 'Pon Charity, our Kingdome quit from ſhame.
 If they were dealt with, as they are diſplaid,
 In halfe an age thoſe Rats might be deſtroy'd

SECT. XXI.

*Here Officers are guilty found,
 A Sodomite, a Spie, our ground
 Breed Monſters, now, the Soldiers punck,
 The Reformado ſhamefull drunk;
 The ramping Dame one robs the State,
 The choice of pincks, the Harlots rate.
 To take a bribe, this cannot brook:
 Two Barres twice burnt; a Frenchman took.*

VVhen ſwarfie night had muſſed up the Queen
 With clouds of darknes, ſable vail, in ſpleen
 Were

Were spread before the Stars; their twinkling light,
 Must look towards home, accus'd by envions night:
 All Colours were alike; the seem'd to have
 The glory of the world, bound in a grave. *Fancies.*
 The watch was set, the Court of guard was plac'd,
 The spies went forth, bold sinners were disgrac'd,
 Though mask'd with darknes. By & by they brought
 A rabble rout, that sold themselves for nought,
 To purchase hell on earth. A Captain came
 That spit out oathes; I must not tell his Name.

A damme blade, for he will tak't in snuffe;
 He's dawbd with silver lace, and clad in buffe.
 But pennyleffe poore slave! the night before
 He had a Crown, but that he met a whore, *ADamie*
 That rob'd him of his wits, to trade with sin, *Blade:*
 He to the bargain gave his money in.
 He was a plunderer, roving up and down;
 Just such a one would have betray'd the Towne.
 A theif in Office. Ever untill that,
 This swash was judg'd to be a beggars brat.

But here's a Maior, that can keep his Jade
 At hard meat all the year; and drive a trade
 Of robbing by a word. This Country Votes *Maior.*
 Can justifie: but he will cut their throats *Plunder.*
 If they complaine. His Colonel's out
 And when he went, he car'd hi Doxie down,
 Untill his shame increast, and coyne was spent;
 His Tenants plunder'd, cannot pay his rent. *(A Colonel.*
At Basing, Redding, or at Maidenhead,
 He drops his ware, and he is gone to bed

Without his supper ; having little ease,
His braines, and cash are morgag'd for disease.

But here's a woman, that is faine to stay
In Town a while, to get her husbands pay :

Yee dy'd with wounds ; and while she stayer in
She'l truck with hell, to bear her charges down. (town,
And then she'l leave: ere this she'ad chang'd her
Her bawd ha's still a noble in the pound. (ground

Sir, her's a Sodomite, a souldier too, *The Bawd a*
A damned Cab : that used much to woove *Noble in the*
An Incubus, and he will sell mens' lives *pound.*
For pence a peece. He thinks because he thrives *A So-*
That Hel's his friend. He must commit Incest, *domite.*
Or else a Rape, or bugger any beast.

He's like the Dutch-man, hell hath made so bold
That ravish't women, having stole their Gold.

He's for the Subjects Liberty, and will *a mad rub.*
Die a good Protestant. He'l only kill

The Kings ill wilbers. Here's his only friend
Has still three wives alive. And 'tis his end

To take another, help him in this case,
For all his wives are distant from this place. *4. Wives.*

She must have means (for here awhile he'l stay)
To keep him brave, till he can run away.

What greasie peece is this? this is a spye,
That has been long in service ; faine to flie
For Conscience sake. His company was lost
At Edge-hill fight : was ever Captain crost *A conceited*
As he hath been ? he was beyond Sea maim'd, *Captain.*
At Hoast-end siege, but he is here maintaind

For

For Information. He doth sculk about,
 In bawdy Cells, to send down news, no doubt,
 He has allowance: and his queans for nought;
 As for the running in the Raines he bought.
 He's fiery fact; his company was rais'd
 Within his bosome: of ill spirits prayfd, *his Condition.*
 He gives this Motto, (and he kicks at Fate)
An Segnior, Captiano, grand Souldate.

A monstrous woman! to the guard we'll send her,
 A parboild frow, and of the neuter gender.
 Who alwayes waites to snare men in a gin; *a Frow.*
 And claimes a priviledge to make them sin.
 To beg sometimes, and otherwhile complaine,
 Then breath out wishes; any thing to gain
 A mony'd guest. Oh! now 'tas found a spark,
 That's flig indeed, a walking in the dark:
 The Jades are all too course: this frap must borrow
 A finer tib: they shall be paid to morow.
 If Gill comes from the Knight, that did so seek
 To gaine her love; she's hir'd for a week.

Here's a common souldier, who was found
 At letchers base, within the Divells ground. *A common*
 He's drest with rags; nor can he get his pay *Souldier.*
 To cloth himselfe. He hopes to see the day
 When theft shall be in fashion: yet he must
 Eate, drink, game, whore; all on the common trust.

Who's this, his trull? indeed forsooth I went
 Down to the Army; with no ill intent, *(his Trull.*
 Onely to see my friends; and use my trade,
 The Marshall us'd me roughly; that he made

Me leave the field ; my Love and I to rest,
 Did think (in Winter) Garison was best,
 To eate each other : is it any sin ?
 He pimps without, whiles I do work within.
 With Cabies we are suffer'd, day and night,
 Their plunder and their Wenches, mak'em fight.
 Pray Marshall keep 'em safe.

Sir ; here's a Reformado, who being drunk,
 He reeld about the street ; and met a punk, *A Refor-*
 Who had her waiting Maid ; he took 'em up, *(made.*
 In Druery lane ; together they must sup ; *a Belt pawn'd.*
 He s charg'd with eighteen pence ; and then he felt
 Into his fob ; but he must pawne his belt
 To free his heeles. Did that discharge the score ?
 His Sword had gone too ; but 'twas pawn'd before.
 He'd take a lodging ; but she scorn'd to swive
 Under a Crown, with any man alive.

More night-work yet ? Oh, her's a ramping Dame,
 Compos'd with baseness, impudence, and shame :
 Pray, whose your Clerk ? thou lying paultry spie !
 Do'st dare to prate to such a one as I ? *(Impu-*
 If Courtiers were at home, and all the Peeres, *dence.*
 I should find friends ; thou durst not for thy eares
 Say halt so much : for I took many a crown
 Of Courtiers weekly ; they being out of Town
 My trading's low ; but I was one that went
 To cry for peace, and thousands, with intent
 To force it on ; and levell all our Forts,
 To let the King come in. But false reports

Cry for
 Peace.
 Make

Make us Malignants. I shall live to see *Malignant*
 Our Fortunes rais'd, and you as low as we: *wishes.*
 Or higher by the Gallows. Then we'll sing,
 Hang all the Round-heads: we are for the King.
 Here's Impudence indeed!

A man in Office comes, that's very grave,
 You would not think that he should prove a Knave,
 He has a trick unknown, to raise the rate; *Parish*
 I am jealous on't, I doubt he robs the State. *Officers.*
 He's like the Coleman, for he peels the poore,
 And spends the Parish stock to keep a whore.
 Doth he convert our assessments into crimes?
 I wish there were no reason for these Rimes.

No new-made States-man, nor no proud Priest can be
 Close Patron, to this bearded villany. (*Sub-Committee*

A Sub-Committee-man? oh! let him pass, *trust.*
 He rides in State; he'll call thee foole and Assle:

To question him: I doubt he is not right,
 I'm vext to see him cause my purse is light.

She second, met a Lady that was wise,
 Faire, young, and vertuous too, whose Husband lyes
 Find a Delinquent: but if she'd consent
 To be his Prostitute, he'd be content

To get the charge remov'd: when summes come in
 He'll gain a Vote, make taxes, pay for sin.

Another of 'em? he has laid his baits,
 To snare his partner, cause he hates deceits,
 And will not cheat the State; and therefore he
 Shall be sequest'r'd: but this treacherie

Is laid to view : seiz'd goods he would purloyne
 Prais'd for himself : he'd pocket up the Coyne
 For's private use. Oh ! how that Province grieves
 That must be subject to a pack of thieves !
 Wife Senators being in their choyse deceiv'd,
 Truth's in exile, and rights's by trust bereav'd.
 If publike men, for private ends shall cope,
 And sue divorce 'twixt Charity and hope,
 Let plunder'd men sit still : poore Souldiers cry,
 They may confide, untill they starve and dye.

Here's *Nut* the neuter, that could ne're abide.
 To draw his Sword: or stick to either side.
 But which prevailes is *his* : and he will be
 A man of War, when all the world is free.

A noted Letchers found, that us'd to seek
 Varieties of sinks; for twice a week
 He must have choice ; this Incubus is bred
 Of Gonnurs race, it is the Maiden-head
 He aims at most. This vassals worse then mad.
 For Killegrue and Mints are not so bad :
 A Committe of divills, chus'd him well,
 To trade by wholesale for the pit of hell.

*a filthy
Letcher.*

What, three at once ? two drunkards were at strife
 For this fine Trull, and shee's a married wife,
 But leaves her husband. He that has most cash
 At any time, may have this nassie trash.

most coyne

Oh here comes one, that will not take a Fee
 Of any man, but if they do agree
 If he will send a thng to make her fine
 She loves her lust, she dos not trade for coyne.

trade free

Two

Two Charcole bawds, being burned twice a peece,
 Did spread a net, and took a flock of geese,
 To pluck their Feathers, they to dresse them strive,
 Some stewd, some roasted, some were burn'd alive.
 They wink at one another, with a grace; 2 burnt
 Thee'l have their houses in an other place, Bawds
 A place of fame, betwixt them they maintain
 A Surgeon private paid with hellish gain.

This Frenchman comes to night, to be a guest.

Me been a Sowder, an wood nom been preest,
Me feet for Anlish Croons: an wood non have The
Tashenielm an go goon, tis boon me crave Frenchman.
Dat me ma pos; me none more sick been seen:
Me non Malignant. Me been var de Queen.

See here you troop of fondlings; you are bent
 To please the prince of darknes; his intent marrall
 Is to requite you, payments please you well
 You're all of the black Regiment of hell.
 You live without a soul, and you do make
 Sinfull conceit your leader: you mistake
 To fall in love with ruine. Such a sink
 " Will venom paper, and 'twill poyson Ink,
 Is common reason lost? sence will be heard,
 With mournfull groans: that hell will be afeard
 To stand before it: you'l with terroure see't,
 Sin, shame, and torment shall together meet?

Fraught with disdain, yet emptie tubs, you sownd
 Your miserie posselt; but when you are bound
 With Chaines of darknesse, and clost prisoners cast
 Into the gronndlesse dungeon, when your last

Vapour shall vanish, who will stand for you?
Heaven will despise you : Hell will claim her due.

Before the Clouds grow black, turn from your sin :
Or els 'twill call eternall darknesse in.

S E C T. XXII.

*A Monster rais'd, that is esp'd
And by a ragged band descri'd
And pointed out, the monster pleads
To justify the Life it leads.
And blames that fowl, and all her geese
That roost with all for pence a peece,
Provoking meates ; this must be try'd
When that is to the gallows ty'd.*

BEfore the Queen of night, had made dispatch
Of her resignation, or discharg'd the watch
Of Lanthorn-service, or the blushing maid
Before old Tython had her flags displaid
Or fairer Venus had unmask'd her face,
To tempt the Shepherd from his warmer place.
I to perform my task, did walk the round,
And search't about ; at last a thing I found,
Which made me wonder: as it there did stand.
T would fight with man, or woman hand to hand.
It's face was like a womans, but behind
A seem'd a Divill of the better kind,
It was nor man, nor woman, bird, nor beast
It was bespoke of Hell, to make a Feast.
It was a feirfull Monster : no man may
Without a blush behold it in the day,

I did conclude at last, (I view'd it's pitch)
'Twas not a Divell, but the divells witch.
'Twould rob, and steal mens goods, and cut a purse
And help all them that could but swear and curse.
Yet it had learn'd some charity from hell,
For those that would beleive, 'twould raise a spell,
Bring in the mould-bred Divells, call'em men,
And help you to your goods and Purse agen:
But you must call it Mistris; and confesse
'Tis truly Divell'sd: then 'twill expresse
A Serpents love: 'twill swagger, strut, and roar,
Save that the gender's wrong, 'twould turn a whore,
And Pimping is away it doth applaud,
But being old enough 'twill be a Baud.
'Twas fed with dainties (being puffed with pride)
And something for a monkie left beside.

It overcharg'd mine eyes. I turn'd about,
And presently I found a woman out,
Being poor diseas'd, and ragged, and her Crime
Had made her turn a Bawd before her time.
She sp'd that panper'd Monster, and she ran
To take the prize; she thought 't had bin a man.

But finding 'twas a thing that did invade
Her Custome (coming on) to spoyle her trade,
She did disgorge her selfe; and to begin
Thus she accus'd it of a Common sin.

What mankind stuff art thou? thou art in rage
To lead the front of Sinners on the Stage.
They say thou wast a man; but since the Devill
Made one part like a Woman, that thy Evill,

To

To all that see thee may appear: the rest
 Is doubled in thy shame to make a beast.
 Thou entertainst the Roysters of the age,
 And high-way Theeves; each one a hackney page,
 Drest like a Man: they domineer and roar;
 At such a price thou dost provide a whore
 For him that is unfurnisht. But the rate
 Is alwayes double when the Thief comes late.

One that with friends, and Husband lives at strife,
 A broken Madam, or a Courtiers Wife,
 A chamber-maid that's weded to her crime,
 Or Gentlewomen, that are past their prime,
 Starch't o're with painting, fitting them for vice,
 Out of the Wardrop suiting to the price.

If any be in danger for his theft,
 Or any whore of whipping, thou art left.
 To fetch'em off: for at the Sessions still
 Thou brib'st the men, or els keep'st back the bill.
 (We know when Sessions is begun by thee)
 And for thy service thou dost get a fee.
 Thy Russians go in Scarlet, or in plush;
 Thy Truls in silks: There's not a modest blush
 Amongst them all. Thou, thou dost hide their sin
 And this the evidence that I give in
 Against thy knot, and thee, another day.
 Come, slash and Cut, hast any thing to say?

Thou thred-bare witch! what beggerly and bold!
 Am I thy fellow? I can hardly hold
 My tallens from thy flesh: should I deprive
 My self of profits? any way to thrive

I mean to use. How should brave hacksters be
Preserv'd, and furnish't, were it not for me?
No lowe pris'd ware, shall come within my dore;
(She that will truck for sixpence is a whore)
I company with Gallants, Lords, and Knights,
And please their humors, to encrease delights,
I furnish them with Lasses: who dare say
I am a Bawd to deal with such as they?
I fear no Law, nor Prison: now and then
I have bin in; but I came out agen.
The Justices, the Jury, and the clarks
Do know and favour me: the velvet Sparks
Will plead my cause: Or any thing they'l do,
Run, ride, make friends, drop down a peece or two.
To make my cause run smooth: why then should I
Fear or forsake my trade untill I die?

I live in pleasure: Cocks, Bears, Bulls and Playes:
Bring fresh delights. What sweet and merry dayes
Have I enjoy'd! Then Doggs, and Monkies be
At other times good Companie for me:
I drink Tobacco, wine, but towards the shot
I break a jest; but never pay a Jott.
Why speak I thus to such a one as thou?
I've justifi'd my self. Ple taxe thee now.

How dos my spirit boyl, to hear what trade
Thou driv'st for death? how every Common Jade
Is entertain'd by thee? thy seely Geese
Will dable in the durt for pence a peece;
Thy halfe-fac'd frowns will put a man to fright;
They beg all day, and play the whore at night.

The'ar

The'r slic't and dry'd : yet one of them must be
 Extreemly modest ; hardly woon : for she
 Is tyred at the Brokers, she must seek
 A penny more : she payes a groat a week.

Another's soon perswaded, she will yeild
 With words on trust : for in the open field
 She keeps a Market : there the vermine play,
 Who scapes at night, she takes him in the day.

The third is mark't with reding : she will try
 (Tempt, fawn and call upon the passers by
 To come to Hell, if she can draw them (so)
 She burnes them half alive before they go.

The last lies to be cured of her curse ;
 She'l deal wi' ye even hand, and spare your purse.

She hath provoking meanes to stir up lust,
 One must be whip't with rods ; another must
 Be beaten out of dores, and for his sin
 Coole at the gates of Hell ; 'tis hot within.

Another's made a skullin : he must wash
 The dishes, and be knock't : and then the trosh
 Must kisse to make amends, untill desire
 Is by degrees, converted into fire.

The common cheaters when they take a prey
 Doe come to thee by turnes : (the more fooles they)
 Thou canst nor help them in a dang'rous case !
 Nor at the Sessions dar't thou shew thy face.
 Who come to thee to night, the next be
 Hid in a hole, for feare when thou do'st see
 A Gorget, that's for Cis ; a handsome Dresse
 Must be for Gin ; the waistcoate is for Bessie,

Being

Being trim'd with stolne goods, their price is rais'd
 Thou art maintain'd, and hell and thee both prais'd :
 Thou art a baud, a theif, an out-worn whore,
 If e're I come to Tyburn I'll say more.

I was in hope the morn by this would smile,
 But 'tis grown darker then it was ere while;
 A tedious night! nor can I once forecast
 To ease my Muse, untill the night be past.
 Those that do sin in State, do here foretell
 That they shall have the hottest room in hell.
 For those that live to sin, and sin to live,
 Shall find what Motto Death and Hell do give.
 They purchase pain and shame with greedie sinning,
 Whose life is death, whose end is deaths beginning.

Sin is at ods, I need not tell you how;
 Hell did agree, but 'tis divided now.
 She'l never yeeld, till she hath all she had;
 When she is chok't, her Tenants will grow mad.

SECT. XXIII.

*The Devill with a Priestling meets,
 A Souldier comes, the Devill greets;
 He rails at first: the scinds unkind;
 How he in sorrow speaks his mind.
 The Preist is charg'd, of his advise,
 How he did tempt the Devill twice.
 Pandorssus try'd, how he did wooe,
 Casts off one Whore, and takes in two:
 The dreadfull fight, the combat past;
 Their healths, and triumph at the last.*

NOW hell will sound a parle, before she'l beat
 Up her travail; or seem to make reeat:

She musters all her forces, views their scope,
 Draws up the reer : in the forlorne hope
 The Prelates Traine was plac'd. She iounds agen
 (The Divell hath reserves as well as men)
 But light (though distant) scornes to stoop, or see
 Her issue joyne with this black Pedigree.

The Divell met a Priestling, where came in
 A bloody rustick ; who had lately bin
 A suiter to this feind, that he might take *The Divell*
 Mens lives, and plunder freely ; who did make *and a*
 Him promise to that end : but, cause he fails *Priest.*
 Souldate growes mad, and at the Divell railes.

Have I been servant to thee many years? *A Souldier.*
 And took thy word for all? as it appeares
 By my successe: nor did I feare to kill
 The innocent, being prompt to what was ill.
 Rob, teare, sweare, curse at those that did rebell
 A'gainst thy Lawes. *Divell.*

Just so do we in Hell.

Souldier.

And so thou'lt serve me too : and for my gaines,
 Thou'lt send black death, with torment for my
 Is't come to this? *(paines.)*

Divell.

I pray thee tell me how
 Our Plots should thrive, if we should not allow
 False Protestations, with the breach of truce, *The Di-*
 To cheat conceit ? such subtletie's in use. *vells plots.*

Souldier.

Now thou dealst plainly, hadst thou don't at first
 I had been happy. *Divell.*

Divell.

Now thou art accurst.

We try all means your senses to invade,
Sometimes we'll be gentle; but 'tis our trade
To chayne your reason to the breath of men,
Who are our journey men : and now and then
They send such Chapmen to our darksome cave,
To purchase tombes with life, that loath'd a grave.
They can do more then we, being in request,
Our names are stain'd ; what is by us exprest
Is put in use by Deputies. But we
Work privately.

Souldier.

Ah ! to what misery

Have I engag'd my self ! if Earth and Hell
Combin'd against me, is't in vain to tell
My cause to Heaven ?

Divell.

Aske this flattering Priest,

That goes in velvet slippers ; give a list
Of all thy rapes, and he perchance may give
An absolution ; his conceits do live
With wastefull hopes : being pregnant in his evill,
He thinks in pride, to go beyond the Divell.
All Learning dwells in him : what falls beside
Are but the concrets of his inward pride.

Souldier.

You're comforters alike ! thou did'st begin
A bloody Plot ; and slyly drew'st him in,

Two

To be thy Executioner : and what is ill
 Is but the execution of thy will ;
 Being of the Horseleech kind, and mettles free *The Priest*
 To take thy easie stamp. *tempts the Divell.*

Devill.

He tempted me :

For when the stubborn Scot did give abuse,
 To his Divinity, that was in use,
 Du ni'd the gudly bukes, he rais'd his voyce
 In folio sodenly, and then made choise
 Of my assistance : when he could not prate
 His hunderts out ; nor could retaine that State,
 He vomits bloud afresh : and then indeed
 I got an Office, lov'd to see men bleed
 As well as he ; and when I went to fight,
 I long'd to have the Parson in my fight.

Souldier.

How are poore soules deluded ! that are taught
 By such to loose themselves ! now am I brought
 For sale to Death. The trembling Earth doth gape
 To let me down ; and would commit a rape
 Upon my reason too ; the shivering aire
 Benums my senses, but then, black despair
 Revives my grief again : the sawcie wind,
 That's quarterd, with the anguish of mind :
 Makes Earth-quakes in my breast ; nor can I tell
 Of one weeks pay to bear my charge to Hell.
 Shame joynes with terrour, to increase my evill :
 Oh pitie me !

Divell

*Priest
Devell.*

Devill.

Aske mercie from a Devill?

I shall be made thy Gaoler, never look
For pardon any more, now the black book
Is laid before thee.

Souldier.

Reverend Sir come in,

Oh now! or never quell the rage of sin.

Priest.

Shake off thy dumps, and lose not thy renown;
Had not the *Service-Book* been voted down,
I'd conjure out this Fiend, do thou but fight,
Defend our cause, thou need'st not fear the sight
Of men and Devils, if thou dost forsake
Our blessed way, the devill will thee take:
Well, be advis'd.

Souldier.

Away yee Fiends, away!

You both desire my ruine, you'd destroy
Me, soule and body, thou hast laid a snare
To catch poor souls, of which thou should'st take care;
Thou limb of Antiehrift, is this the rest
Thou didst propose? thou'rt proctor for the beast,
The Devill tels more truth, I doe desie
A seeming friend, a reall enemy:
Goe, changeling, go.

Priest.

Can Ideots understand,

What's best for peace, and freedom of the Land?

Devell

I.

And

And such a one, as I be still to seeke,
That understand the Hebrew and the Greek,
In ways of truth?

Deuill.

Ho, --- ho, heet's dainty sport,
Because tha'lt been a flatterer at the Court,
Chok't with conceit, thy parts doe raise the rate;
Hiv'd in heaven, yet lost my happy state.
Thy fall is comming.

Priest.

This Fortune-tellers odds is two to one.

I had best be gone,

Souldier.

No trust in clods of clay, let men addresse
Themselves towards heaven, for their happinesse.

When this discourse was past the knot dissolv'd.
A crooked piece of filth, that was involv'd
Within a trebble curse, came crawling by,
And after him his trul, who us'd to lie,
To take him captive : many years they had
Been jogging to the Devil, he was mad,
To wed this tub of treasure, kept for store,
Though lovely by contraries, matcht before,
Pandorsus now declines her, he has found
At prison base upon the common ground :
Two Punks new underlaid, and in his view,
Made a the best of them, was vamp't anew :

Pandorsus,

And

And *Furia* had been bottom'd, had not she
 Been over dry'd neer Smithfield, but if hee
 Can turne old *Querpa* off, that he may have
 Those prettie pugs to drill him to his grave,
 Hee'l give a double fine: it is agreed,
 That he shall work for death, and hee'l make speed,
 Left hell should be too full, before his lust,
 Commits his rotten carcasse to the dust.

Well, now the wantons meet, and *Querpa* sees
 That *Furia* had his heart, and *Maleas* sees,
 Were fruits of pleasure, shee advanc'd her tongue,
 Would you ingroesse my dear? I've had him long,
 Above these fiftie n years, and I will claime
 Priority in trust, it is my ayme,
 Still to enjoy my sweet.

Furia.

What needst thou move?

Malea and I are partners in his love,
 He works, and brings us gains, he'd rather pine
 And presse his hart, then we should want for coine.

Querpa.

I cannot hold my hands, I'll have thy nose,
 And teare thy eyes out, such a pair as those,
 Bewitch my joy! these Tybarubirds of prey,
 May chaunce charmes and doe their work by day;
 I vow Ile make you packe.

Malea.

I'll vex her more,
 Here are the clothes which yesterday he wore,

And

L 2

Left

Left as the pledges of his free intent
 To wait on us in lovely merriment :
 What ere he hath is ours, his daughter now
 Gets nought from him, but what we doe allow.
 Chuck ? Chuck is right.

Pandor.

Ha, if you finde me flinch,

Then blame me, no, I scorne to stir an inch
 From what I promise : *Querpa*, you are old,
 Tuf, dry, unactive, sence conjealjd with cold :
 Go, trudgeto feeble *Dick* : for I have made
 My choiccanew.

Querpa.

I am no out-worne jade.

Thou Varlet of the tub ! I'le make thy name
 A common stench, thou excrement of shame !
 Chiefe in the roule of rogues, in Bride-well dy'd,
 Twice free of Newgate, once to Tyborn ty'd :
 Deny my Love ? How like an asse he stands,
 Come once again into the hangmans hands,
 Hee'l choke thy mirth. Impatient of disgrace,
 He tore her head-clothes off, shee scratcht his face.

A sighs.

But then his chieflings came unto his ayd,
 He got the day, poor *Querpa* now is paid :
 For tongue tale scores being fled; the bonny three
 Drinke healths in riumph of the victoty :
 They reingage themselves, his valours known,
 Together with his love, they'l have it blown

Win

The tri-
ump
Morrall.

With th'silver Trump of fame, that all may finde
The rich borne issue of *Pandorus* minde.

The Devill breaks his covenants with men,
When they are in a straight : and they agen
With one another in a frenzie fit,

He gains his ends, because he has more wit ;
When their's are frustrate. When the Hare
To quarter freely where the hungry Hounds
Keep randevouze ; or if the Partridge treats
With angry Hawks about her choice of meats,
What will the issue be? these did agree,

That are discover'd here : but now you see
How justice parts 'em : if they do rebell

In change of sins, how will they do in hell,
Where plagues are crown'd? for, there the hungry flames
Are in commiſſion ; bodies, souls and names
Must 'bide th'arbitrement : they need not fight,

To make their curse compleat. Day's turn'd to night,
Where horroure, (free from chains) doth gnaw the fore ;

Makes hope as blinde, as reason was before :
And greedy sorrow, feeding upon teares,

Gender's despaire, which ruleth over feares

With imbred terrour, born by helplesse grief :

Shame's no abortive : death commands in chief.

SECT.

SECT. XXIV.

*The Serving-man, relate what he
Had known of's Masters miserie :
His Coach, Sedan, what Letters sees.
He falls from Satten to his Freeze.
How sin brings death, the purchast strife :
A Villain that betray'd his wife.*

BEfore the vails were drawn, or dimfac'd night
Pon composition, would resigne her right
To *Hesper's* train, before old *Tithons* head
Was rayfd with glory from his frosty bed,
To shew his hoary locks : nor did the day
Peep through the fireaked Tiffany, of gray.
For Chanteclers Commission was not seal'd
To sound a parle ; nor any way reveal'd
To bring *Aurora*, in her silver pride,
To storm the works of darknesse : yet I spy'd
Two silent walkers ; one was much affraid ;
And I perceiv'd she was a Chamber-maid,
The other was a Serving-man : for hee
I soon discovered by his liverie.
He being stay'd confest he did belong
To one that kept his coach when he was young,
For *Hatchney* ware, and feasted them in Town,
And in the Countrey car'd them up and down,

Who

Who had at every stage, a common Inne,
Where he did put himselfe to sale for sin.

He had sedans, which he did use to send
To fetch his Minions private, and did spend
His means upon them : Now he paid his whore,
When cash was low, he sin'd upon the score,
Somtimes he borrowed of a Cavaliere,
That us'd to hire a Strumpet by the year,
Thei'd feel his pockets pulses, ere thei'd joyne,
And have their courses when he had no coine.

They'd often be at ods, then he would curse
The minntes of expence; his humble purse
Did languish for his riot : she would rail,
Because the suit depending on her-----

Was staide with an injunction : high-courts writs
Put down the Common-pleas, and bring their wits
To bill and answers, if their orders must
Be seeming prohibitions, to their lust,
And stop their commings in, they'l sin the more,

(Both orders and decrees were broke before,)

Subpoena shame, their mischiefs to recruit ;
Again, at non-equity they'l try a suit.

If any maid was handsome in his eye,
Hee'd lay a snare to trap her, and would try
With gold to win her, such a one as shee
Was made for pleasure not for drudgerie,
Hee'l take a chamber for her, make her fine,
And keep her at his cost, if thou't be mine :

Who

Thou

Thou shalt not want; most modest gives content,
 Another time shee that's most impudent.
 He sends his pimping Letter, I must be
 His whiskein, else, we never could agree.

Here is a copie to his Mistrisse which
 Hath spent him much, her fingers osted ich
 To him his gold, her answer Il'e reherse,
 But you may read, for they are both in verse.



His Letter.

To the Mistris of my Affection, at Her
 Chamber in the *Strand*,
 Mistrisse I. G.

Sweet-heart thou art my chiefe delight,
 I dream'd I was with thee to night,
 Since I have seen thee, time appears
 To me as five and forty years :
 I cannot eat, nor drink, nor sleepe,
 But sometimes sighth, and sometimes weepe.

I'll freely take what e're thou giv'st,
The latter should excell:
I'm thine while thou in credit liv'st,
Poore, or diseased, farewell. 2

Till then thine, for pleasure. I. G.

He's now declining, Sattin, Silke and Plush
Are turn'd to freeze: and yet he will not blush
Though all men jeer him; he to gain his ease
Will take some wholesome drudge, that his disease
May be remov'd to her. A hellish woing!
For he minds nothing but his own undoing.
He runs in debt, but never means to pay:
Had I my wages I would never stay.

His former bawd, because he left her stew
Comes railing to him, there's a quarter due
For retaile dealing, and for common fees;
He's sinking now, and falling by degrees
Down to his purchas'd place; where he will meet
With course salutes: sin sifted from the sweet.
I serv'd another gentleman, whose use
Was to defile himself; all foul abuse.
He judg'd as gentle qualities, and when
The damned haxters met, they were the men
That could excell in vilenesse, drink, swear, roar,
Or take a purse; and he that kept his whore
At greatest rate; they thought these bloody times
Would grant them pattents, patronize their crimes.

If any sought to turn him from the sting,
A rounded knave! a Rebel to the King.
Should not controule him: he did ne're deny

M

His

His lusts a vent, his reason still did dye
 To keep his curse alive: his soul thus tost,
 Till credit, meanes, wick man, and all were lost.
 Sin took advantage when his bones were dry'd,
 Put him a year in hell before he dy'd.

Another once I knew; that did a fact
 Which impudence did blush at; such an act
 Was never heard of; he would give a fee
 To one that should commit Adulterie *A Villaine.*
 With his own wife, and he would have at hand
 His Evidence with him, who there would stand
 To see it done, that he might freely take
 Occasion, that he might his wife forsake.
 And turn her off with shame, then he would find
 Content in wickednesse: and set his mind
 To pimp for *Venus*, as I came along
 I heard a noise, but still a womans tongue.
 Did carr' the sound away: she's one mans friend,
 And deals with none but him: yet in the end
 She'd trade with them by turns. *Jack* payes his shilling,
 But that he's out of Town, she'd not be willing.

This peece was over-hat they fell to words,
 And then to blowes; had not their state-bought swords
 Bin bound unto the peace, they had not left
 Untill their pates, or else some post had cleft,
 Their cloaks were put in prison for this crime,
 Their cause adjourn'd untill a purging time.
 Is thy relation true, yes.

Can pity here take place? then summon fear,
 That any men that are but inmates here

Morall.
 Should

Should live like divells, pain from pleasure springs:
Contempt from sinfull sweets, a thousand stings
Wait on the sinners joy, and when they must
Be kept close prisoners in the surly dust,
They'l meet their rising fresh when they shall run
To *Mille Malis*, which were here begun.

Like to the fowls of prey, that soar aloft,
Whose stomachs bribe their eys: and seizing oft
Upon the harmlesse birds, at last the Net
Doth take them prisoners, where they dye in debt:
Th'are pol'd like traytors, shame out-lives their gains
Who for example hang abroad in chains.
So, these despised Vultures soaring high,
Their pleasures are unwing'd, they fall and die
In debt to all the world, then who can tell
Their misery, but those that come from hell?
Fond dreams where Serpents are imbrac't for friends,
Contracting torments when the fable ends.

SECT. XXV.

*Strange steries from a Chambermaid,
The Pimps employments are displaid,
The Justice, Watch, the Marshalls guard,
Protect the sinners for reward,
The Tavern pawns, a Spie espi'd.
Two sworn for hell, and how they di'd.*

BY this the night began to be in fear,
The sweet-fac'd light beginning to draw neer,
To bring the morning in, with rosc dawn,

M 2

With

Villaine.

hilling,

swords

Morall.
Should

With Officers in scarfes of cobweb Lawne.
 To raise up forces which did all resort
 To *Phobus* which did scale the Royall Fort.
 Without resistance, all within the line,
 Was repossessed with his glittering shine.
Amyra rais'd, did send out many Spies,
 With scouts and trumpets, being full of eyes;
 With Ambuscadoes, who did slyly creep;
 (The black fac'd Regiment being most asleep)
 They seiz'd their works, and pillag'd all within;
 Kept those close prisoners, that had traytois bin,
 To have their triall. *Juno* all in state
 Made *Vulcan* horn'd by *Venus* advocate.
 The sentence past, they being guilty found;
 And *Sol* in pride riding the third dayes round
 Must see the execution, from the stewes,
 Yet here's a prisoner that will tell more newes.

Indeed forsooth I am a Chambermaid,
 When I was young I meerly was betray'd
 With shews of gold, rich fare, and brave attire,
 A *Gin-crack* like a Lady did me hire,
 To be as her companion, till she brought
 Me to her will; my honesty was bought,
 Sold for disgrace, all sorts were entertain'd,
 Who ever lost, of every one she gain'd
 That had but coyn, if any one seem'd poor,
 She'd lend Pimp *Minor* for a pocky whore,
 To fit his rate: if any Spark came rich
 She'd come in silk, and painted; if this witch
 Was not accepted for her wrinkled face,

I must be trim'd to take my Mistris place.

If two or three came in pimp Major must,
Take up some sinner on the brokers trust,
To gaine a double Fee: our rates were higher
According to our beauty, and attire.

Pimp
Major

She'd skill to cure her guests, being over-hat,
Or frenchifi'd; she had the more for that. *The Band.*
If lads came thin, she'd send her Pimpes about. *sgil*
To raise a Tumult; bring a totter'd rout.

Before some Taverne doore, raile, sweare and curse

At one another: so they'd cut a purse,
Or pick a pocket; then they'd take thir flight
To rob some hoase, being alwayes in the night,
Were any of us taken in the darke,
We'd baibe the Justice, and We'd Fee his Clerk,
And soone baquit the lasses Were in feare,
When curr'd away, on *May-day* was a yeare,
About Long-Acre; Common stinking trash,
But they were freed and never had the lath.
For *justice nimis* was their friend, and can
Do courtesies: but they must pay this man,
And parish Officers will them enlarge,
Excuse their faults lest they should keep their charge.

Plots

Robbers

At other times, our Pimps would much frequent
The shovell-bourds, the dicers, and they went
To Ordinaries to gamsters, bowling places,
To gaine acquaintance, when they knew their faces,
Thei'd grow familiar: so they drew them in,
And made them tenants to the house of sinne.
Gamsters and thieves, that drinke the full Carouse,

Are the chief pillars or a bawdy house,

We'd tell each other all: who's best for play,
Who, for the house, and who will freely pay;
Who's pleasant for discourse, what slave doth grutch,
Our common fees, and who will give too much:
We'll now seem chaff, but if the golden cue
Comes greedily, firs, 'tis for love of you
We break our vows, believing what we say
The'd drop daff freely, when th'are gone away
To jeer, or praise 'em, as we found 'em right.
It is our recreation and delight.

A Villain us'd our house that was accus'd
For ravishing two children: he abus'd
Them, as 'twas prov'd: hells factor gave consent
He should be freed, but damn'd the innocent.
A wife mans case, (his bribes were all but fees)
Fin'd, censur'd, and imprison'd, by degrees
Being judg'd for hell, itood for his Plaintiffe sin;
And walking on her brinck she took him in.

When any fear'd our wenches were not sound,
The bawd would stand engag'd to turn them round,
But they must pay for each, if they will not
They run the hazard, every one his lot.

Shee'll name her golden guests, and make great brags
Such gallants use her house, if one in rags *Golden*
Comes to exchange a sin, and truck for shame, *Guests.*
He came by chance, nor doth she know his name.
If Court and Teame be here for ev'ry crime,
Shee'll ask a crown, but in Vacation time,
A shilling serves, she's as once a year new whores;
Poore, sick, or old she turns them out of doors, *No*

No man dares question her, for divells do
Grant her protection: being guilty too,
They'l but disclose teir shame, the common watch
Both harbour, and defend, and often hatch *The*
Some of our brood, their profit lies at stake, *Watch.*
And for the Constables and Beadles sake,
They'l wink at small faults, hood-wink sawey Law:
And now and then a feeling in the cause
Would chafe our fears, some Officers at first
Will lie in wait to rake us, till their thirst
Turn to a surfeit, what's the Marshalls guard?
If in their walks they spie us, a reward
Will keep them silent. Many of them will
Protect us, to be partners in the ill.

We'd have them to the Tavernes, one of note
Did pawn his cloak, and I my peticote; *Pawne.*
Another left a watch, for want of coyn,
To pay the shot; their love they did assign
To help us at a pinch, our time we spent
Free from all fear, in joviall merriment.

A greazy punck once in one house did lye,
An *Oxford* bawd, first, then a Basing Spye:
A bawd to her own child, who came to town
For information, walking up and down,
She was suspected to be much in debt,
And by a chance a Serjeant with her met,
And scrapt acquaintance with her, being weary
Arrested her, yet, she could not be merry,
A new fil'd bawd, now grown an outworne whore;
She cas'd a breadth, and went upon the score,

No

M 4

Being

Being begging ripe; but yet her bed was made
In ample sort too good for such a jade,
Out at the window in the night, by rope
She stole away, the hangman is in hope,
To find her shortly, he that do's her see
And bring her in shall have a double fee.

She's black, and brawny, shamelesse, in the close
She's goggle ey'd, and ha's a crooked nose,
Her lodging is neer Westminster, and she
Haunts bawdy travernes, and where treachery
Is most in fashion; now she keeps her bed, *Macquiers*
And drinks no sack, because *Macquiers* head *head*
Is taken from their plot, 'tis thought she had
A daughter for her time was full as bad.
But beautifull without, and yet within
The divell kept a count; she sold her sin
To him that bid most for it, or at least
A Royalist transform'd into a beast.
She took a Ladies name, her sinfull leisure
Is tyed to one man now, but at her pleasure
She'l change him for another; at the last
Thed divell made a match, and ty'd her fast *Hells*
To one that did him service, what of hell *mouth*
He had which made him proud, and what befell
Him at the last, is known; for in his pride
He fought for sin, fell down, and so he dy'd.

Her Epitaph

This vapering spark sprung from an unknown race
By *Venus* made a captain in the field;

But

But *Mars* was angry, when he saw his face,
A Souldiers look, unhorst him, made him yeeld,
First he was pillag'd, after seiz'd by death,
He'ad runne away, save that he wanted breath.

His glorious Minnon hearing of the chance,
Being charg'd with sorrow fell into a trance;
But when she was recoverd, she began
To teare and rave, oh! wheres that man, that man?
And shot a Pistoll in her side; her breath
Was charged out, to let in Serjeant death.

Her Epitaph.

She's buried here that should no burying have,
She sunk her selfe being overfraught with evill;
Her lusts before did make her bed a grave,
She'as quite undone her selfe to please the Devill
To meet her joy, she kill'd her selfe and fell,
Where love is cool'd: but beds are hot in hell.

You see vile actions spring from vaine desires;
Which in their meeting kindle furious fires, *Morall.*
To scorch the sinners: like the knats by night,
They buz, and flye about the Candle light,
Being fearelesse of the issue; till by turnes
The wings first scorcht, and then the body burnes,

Or like the beasts, that travell many a mile,
One swinnes a brook, another leapes a stile,
Some mir'd in a lake, some beaten blind,
Some leave their hoofs, and some their hornes behind
All will not free them from the Butchers knives;
They buy those wearie steps to sell their lives.

So

So here are all diseases, which, if well
 Considered of, they might prevent a hell.
 Alas! they but increase it! now my might
 Must banish't be; on *Marrie* with the light.

54. Sect.

The sores are searcht, my patient must endure of the
 Perpetuall torments, or apply the cure. first part.

SECT. XXVI.

*What themes declined by my muse
 What night-born subjects she doth use:
 The Authors Charge; by whom 'twas pen'd,
 His answer to't, and there's an end.*

MY muse, scarce treats with any one that fights.
 For Princely crimes, nor of the new-made Knights
 Nor where their lands do lye, that should maintain
 Their worships titles, or what number slain,
 To feed conceit; nor where they sell, or when:
 Nor those ignoble ones that came agen,
 Waen riding paund their trust, nor of the curst
 Hamors of such, whom bloud must quench their thirst.

Nor how our brave Commanders in the West,
 Have gain'd eternall fame; how they are blest
 From heaven with successe: but if I may
 Make truce with time, I'll view their acts by day:
 Nor hath she ranack't in the Cavies den;
 Nor touch't the Excize, nor Grand Committee men,
 Nor of those flattering rimes, that can declare
 A coward valiant, knaves beyond compare,
 Nor of the false imprisoning of the just,
 Nor what in traytors hands are left in trust,

Nor

Nor of the torments which the Laws indure,
How those make wounds, that should apply the cure.

But chides with begger buff, and charms the pride
Of Major plund'rer; all that do divide
The spoils of mem, bawds, panders, whores, and pimps,
Thieves, Witches, therks, the Devil and his Imps :
Gulls, lechers, jaylors, beadies, bribing Clerks,
Buffoons, base upstarts, drunkards, swagg'ring sparks,
That parle with lust, and for the Devill fight,
Make articles with hell, all found last night,
Now laid in view : the fowls were hard to find,
More hard to take ; yet bats, you know, are blind.

But, here's a swash, drain'd from this dropsie age,
Who keeps his punk, attyred like a Page.
His second [rich] was husband to a Whore ;
He's but her coffin now, 'cause he's grown poore :
A Bridewell strumpet [salt] being mov'd with ire,
Tom ran away with all her whorish hire,
Coms with them, railing, in whose hands I spie
My charge drawn up, to which I must reply,
Partly ingross'd by them ; the rest doth speak
From better minds, though ignorant and weak.

What! malice sold in print? revenge is set *The charge.*
To seize delight, to make us die in debt.
Our sweet's o're-charge'd with envy : if we die,
We'll wage the bill, and never will comply.
Yet he may do us favour, to renew
And teach our art, which many never knew.

His practice taught his art, for which he gives
To charge from sense, so *Clavill* peacht the thieves.

He

He hath been bit, which makes his courage cool,
 Boyes payes for wit, when they are whipt at school
 Can he court truth, doth heaven judge stewes fit
 To teach men reason, modesty and wit?

The Answer.

Had it been malice, enmity or hate
 That mov'd my pen, I had not searcht so late,
 To chide your sin, your misery uncloth,
 'Tis not your persons, but your wayes I loath.
 But wave it if you can, your plagues renew,
 'Twas more for love of others, then for you
 That urg'd this night, let vices warning have,
 'Fore death doth summon you unto the grave.
 If any from contraries do amisse,
 To feed his lust, and take a ground from this,
 Hell will but grasp him sooner: this no gin
 To snare tame fools, it is to scourge their sin.

The Charge

Answer

red

A wise man doth a strumpets wiles descry,
 Allurements promises, and her bed whereby
 Poor simpleton is caught, then he doth tell
 Her chambers lead to death, her staires to hell:
 This is my aim: th' Assembly of Divines,
 With toleration cannot charge my lines;
 To see a drunkard reel, or court a whore,
 Wise men will prize sobriety the more;
 And Ideots shun the shame, when 'tis unclōath'd,
 Vice must be known before it can be loath'd.

There's no Phyfitian swallows poyson'd pills
 To help his art, he knows before what kills.
 If Preachers opening sins, (to break the frame)

Did

Did practise what they know, they'd preach their shame
The guiltlesse man, is wise who better can?
Describe the drunkard then a sober man?

The thief's convicted by the Judge that's free,
Who never knew the crime so well as he.
To speak of what they gave consent unto,
Or saw at large, is that which fools may do.

These things you'l say are true, pray tell me how
You prove them so, yet could not see while now?
Experience taught you, bring me one that's bit
Almost to death, and now recover'd wit,
I'd have his counsell in't; but few there be
That purchase wit by sin, but misery.

Envy will quit me, she's of this belief
A ne're was drunkard, begger, sheek, nor thief,
Though they are here displac'd, nor shall the rest
Be charg'd upon me, 'tis your shame exprest.
Some part is meerly fanci'd; some takes sence
From observation and Intelligence;
Which I have drest in colours, that it may
Stop you from hell, or vex you in the way.

Defence to those whom heaven and earth despise,
Is more then needs, truth will content the wise.

Good morrow.

THE

Did

THE TABLE.

1. **T**He preparation and the plots.
2. **T**he strange passages of the Spie.
3. The changes in returning to the Centinells.
4. The sumbring Vision, and the accident.
5. The Officers feast, and his commission.
6. The counter-panes of beauty and vertue.
7. The Devils trade, and the Bawds profession.
8. The hatfull meeting charg'd.
9. The black Courtier, the Rats and the turn-pike.
10. The nature of sherks and sherking.
11. The differences between Constables.
12. The Physicians fount disease, his will.
13. The Scum and his Doxies triumph.
14. The new traitors, and the Welshmans grief.
15. The Shred from hell, and the Monkie.
16. The lecherous Lawyers varieties.
17. The young mans dreadful vision.
18. The bank feast and company.
19. The Devils feast with them.
20. The conditions of beggers, their rules.
21. The examination at the Court of Guard.
22. The Monster and the pettie Bawd.
23. The Devils dispute, and Pandorsus change.
24. The serving-mans relation.
25. The Chamber-maids confession.
26. The subjects sum'd, and the Authors Charge answered.

F I N I S.

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